

A

000492399



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

ornia
al

HOOD LIBRARY

X-16908

THE SPECTATOR.

SELECTED ESSAYS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE SPECTATOR.

SELECTED ESSAYS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS," ETC.



LONDON
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
AND NEW YORK.

1894.

PREFACE.

IT has been the aim of the Editor of this Volume to select from the papers of the "Spectator" all such as may be considered the more representative of its Essays. To this plan of selection the "Spectator" peculiarly lends itself. Each of its articles is complete and self-contained, yet throughout the whole of the series there is, though a diversity of matter, a continuity of interest. The Editor has therefore divided his subject into two special groups; the sketches which relate to the character of individuals, and those essays which touch upon the current topics of the hour. In the first category will be found the papers dealing with the position and prejudices of the members of the famous Club; whilst in the second part a selection is made from those various miscellaneous essays which were read with such delight by the public to whom they were more particularly addressed. Where there has been so much to choose from, and the difficulty of rejection is encountered at every step, the Editor has had to be guided by very plain and well defined rules. He has endeavoured to reproduce every paper which made the "Spectator" what it then was—the centre and force of contemporary opinion. For this reason he has eliminated from the following pages the critical essays on Milton and the other poets, the papers on topics the interest of which has passed

away, and the disquisitions purely religious which had no special bearing on the tone and temper of the time. On the other hand, he has been careful to select every essay which reflects, by its observations or satire, upon the social aspects, the political asperities, the humours, the vanities, the foibles, the fashions of the reign of Queen Anne. Though the work is a selection, the Editor trusts that he has preserved all the special characteristics of the "Spectator," and that no paper of real value, subject to the conditions which have controlled his choice, will be found to have been omitted.

A. C. E.

LONDON, *September*, 1887

ESSAYS SELECTED FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

No.	Date.	Subject.	Page.
-----	-------	----------	-------

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

2	March 2, 1710-11	The Club	1
106	July 2, 1711	SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY	39
108	" 4, 1711	Will Wimble	42
110	" 6, 1711	Haunted	46
112	" 9, 1711	Sir Roger in Church	50
113	" 10, 1711	Sir Roger and the Widow . . .	53
115	" 12, 1711	Sir Roger and Sport	58
117	" 14, 1711	Sir Roger and Witchcraft . . .	61
118	" 16, 1711	Sir Roger on Confidents . . .	65
122	" 20, 1711	Sir Roger at the Assizes . . .	69
126	" 25, 1711	Party Spirit	72
130	" 30, 1711	Sir Roger and the Gipsies . . .	76
131	" 31, 1711	'The Spec. excites Curiosity . .	80
269	January 8, 1711-12	Sir Roger in Town	83
329	March 18, 1711-12	Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey .	86
335	" 25, 1712	Sir Roger at the Play	90
383	May 20, 1712	Sir Roger at Vauxhall	94
517	October 23, 1712	Death of Sir Roger	97
4	March 5, 1710-11	WILL HONEYCOMB.	101
41	April 17, 1711	A Pict	105
77	May 29, 1711	An Absent Man	109
105	June 30, 1711	On Pedantry	114
151	August 23, 1711	The Man of Pleasure	117
156	" 29, 1711	A Woman's Man	120
265	Jan. 3, 1711-12	The Head-dress	124
311	Feb. 26, 1711-12	Fortune Hunters	127

No.	Date.	Subject.	Page.
325	March 13, 1711-12	Looking Glasses	131
352	April 14, 1712	On Sincerity	134
359	„ 22, 1712	Will Honeycomb's Love Passages .	138
410	June 20, 1712	The Temple Cloister	141
475	Sept. 4, 1712	Advice	144
490	„ 22, 1712	Marriage	147
499	October 2, 1712	Will Honeycomb's Letter to the Spectator	151
511	„ 16, 1712	His Second Letter	154
530	November 7, 1712	A Converted Rake	158
82	June 4, 1711	SIR ANDREW FREEPORT	163
174	Sept. 19, 1711	Class Prejudices	167
232	Nov. 26, 1711	On Mendicity	171
549	„ 29, 1712	On Retirement	176
152	August 24, 1711	CAPTAIN SENTRY	179
197	October 16, 1711	On Argument	183
350	April 11, 1712	On Magnanimity	188
544	Nov. 24, 1712	On his New Fortune	191

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.

6	March 7, 1710-11	Abuse of the Understanding	195
7	„ 8, 1710-11	Omens	199
9	„ 10, 1710-11	Clubs	202
11	„ 13, 1710-11	Story of Yarico	207
12	„ 14, 1710-11	Horrors of Imagination	212
15	„ 17, 1710-11	Dress and Show	215
17	„ 20, 1710-11	The Ugly Club	219
18	„ 21, 1710-11	Italian Opera	223
19	„ 22, 1710-11	Envy	227
20	„ 23, 1710-11	Impudence	230
21	„ 24, 1710-11	Choice of a Profession	233
23	„ 27, 1711	On Lampoons	237
25	„ 29, 1711	A Sickly Tribe	241
26	„ 30, 1711	Thoughts in Westminster Abbey	245
30	April 4, 1711	The Amorous Club	248
84	„ 9, 1711	Remonstrances	251

No.	Date.	Subject.	Page.
37	April 12, 1711	A Lady's Library.	255
47	" 24, 1711	On Laughter	259
49	" 26, 1711	The Coffee House	263
56	May 4, 1711	The World of Spirits	266
61	" 10, 1711	On Punning	271
66	" 16, 1711	Female Education	274
69	" 19, 1711	The Royal Exchange	277
72	" 23, 1711	The Everlasting Club	281
81	June 2, 1711	Party Patches	284
93	" 16, 1711	The Occupation of Time	288
98	" 22, 1711	The Head-dress	292
102	" 27, 1711	Fan Exercise	296
119	July 17, 1711	On Good Breeding	299
125	" 24, 1711	Party Malice	302
127	" 26, 1711	The Hoop Petticoat	306
128	" 27, 1711	Vivacity and Gravity	309
135	August 4, 1711	The English Language	313
143	" 11, 1711	On Valetudinariness	317
147	" 18, 1711	The Art of Reading	321
159	Sept. 1, 1711	The Vision of Mirza	325
169	" 13, 1711	Good Nature	330
179	" 14, 1711	On Jealousy	333
171	" 15, 1711	The Jealous Man	338
176	" 21, 1711	The Hen-Pecker	344
178	" 24, 1711	Conjugal Morality	348
185	October 2, 1711	On Zeal	351
195	" 13, 1711	Temperance	355
201	" 20, 1711	True Devotion	359
209	" 30, 1711	Female Souls	363
214	Nov. 5, 1711	Patron and Client	367
219	" 10, 1711	Pre-Emption	371
225	" 17, 1711	Discretion	375
235	" 29, 1711	The Trunk-Maker at the	379
239	December 4, 1711	Modes of Disputing	382
243	" 8, 1711	On Virtue	386
246	" 12, 1711	The Care of Children	389
249	" 15, 1711	On Ridicule	393
251	" 18, 1711	The Cries of London	397
259	" 27, 1711	Salutations	401
276	Jan. 15, 1711-12	On a Bear's Head	403
289	" 21, 1711-12	On Pleading	407

No.	Date.	Subject.	Page.
281	Jan. 22, 1711-12	A Coquette's Heart	410
287	„ 29, 1711-12	The English Constitution	414
295	Feb. 7, 1711-12	Pin-Money	418
317	March 4, 1171-12	A Week's Diary	422
343	April 3, 1712	Transmigration	427
381	May 17, 1712	Cheerfulness	432
407	June 17, 1712	Our National Virtue	436
435	July 19, 1712	Female Extravagances	438
447	August 2, 1712	Custom	442
465	„ 23, 1712	The Strengthening of Faith	446
494	Sept. 26, 1712	Puritan Piety	450
557	June 21, 1714	Truth	454
584	August 23, 1714	Hilpa and Shalum	457
585	„ 25, 1714	Hilpa and Shalum— <i>continued</i>	461
594	Sept. 15, 1714	False Report	464
634	Dec. 17, 1714	Spiritual Perfection	467

THE SPECTATOR.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

ON the Thursday of the first of March in the year of grace 1711, the reading and fashionable world of the London of the reign of Queen Anne was amused and interested by the appearance of the first *Spectator*. From the date of its publication to almost the close of its series of papers the new journal received an uninterrupted and lucrative support from the public, both urban and provincial. In the earlier years of the eighteenth century, save the classics, the productions of our old dramatists, the novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, a few French romances, and a string of statements in the *Gazette* and news-letters of the day, there was little to appeal to the reading world. With no novels, no newspapers, no magazines, no light literature, except such comedies as had justly aroused the wrath of Jeremy Collier, there was scarcely an alternative for the wit, the cit, and the man of pleasure but to spend the greater part of his leisure in a diligent frequenting of the coffee-houses he and his class especially affected. There he could pass his time in discussion and the exchange of ideas which literature then denied to him. Conversation at that date was all, and more than all, that perusal is at the present day.

It is not therefore a matter of surprise that a paper, then a

novel and popular venture, which stimulated the culture of the wit, supplied the indolent with topics for discourse, interested the fair sex, and amused all, should have, from its very outset, commanded the patronage it received. The plan of the journal was but the development of an idea that Steele had long entertained. Its author had been a man about town for some years, and though he had derived little personal benefit from his knowledge, he was a keen and accurate observer of human nature. He had seen much of the world, had suffered not a little, was unstable as water, and was easily under the influence of the most opposite motives—now a sinner amusing his hearers with his extravagance and dissipation, then a saint preaching in the pages of his “Christian Hero.” Yet by all he was beloved and in every society welcome, for it was not in the warm, generous, unenvious nature of the man to make an enemy.

The son of an official under the Irish Government, Richard Steele had been sent to Oxford, where he had obtained a scholarship as post-master at Merton, but quitted the university without obtaining his degree. He now entered the army as a private in the Horse Guards, but his wit and fascinating social qualities soon gained him a commission ; for some time he led the life which enabled him to become a past master in the study of human nature in its somewhat lower aspects. He drank, gambled when he had money, got into debt when he had none, and indulged in every dissipation to the top of his bent. When in his cups he was the most humorous and rollicking of companions, always in good humour, always full of good stories, and so long as he raised a laugh, was indifferent to the cause which created it ; when in his graver moods he was a gentleman, something of a scholar, and showed by his sentiments and conversation that if he followed the worse he knew the better. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.* Deprived of his estate owing to his having embraced a military career, leading a careless and thriftless life, in the pursuit of no profession, he had essayed to fill his purse by the only arts which were at his disposal—his wits. He had written plays with some success, and for one of which he had been rewarded with the post of Gazetteer ; as a vehement Tory he had written political

articles, and he had written essays, poems, and dedicatory verse. When his fortunes were at a low ebb,—for what he earned he freely squandered and was often housed by the sheriff's officer,—he in a happy moment conceived the idea of utilising his knowledge of men and affairs by founding a newspaper which should deal with the events of daily occurrence after a certain humorous fashion. “The general purposes of this paper,” he writes, “is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.” Borrowing the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, which Swift a few years before had made notorious by his humorous quizzing of Partridge the astrologer and almanac-maker, as editor of the new journal, Steele started the first number of the *Tatler*—so called, he said, “in honour of the fair sex.” His staff was efficient; but there was one whom he had known from boyhood, who had been his counsellor and guide when at the university, who had proved a true friend in those frequent hours of need which had embittered his existence later in life, whose disposition he loved, and whose genius he had ever held in the deepest reverence. He wrote to Addison, then busy with State affairs in Dublin, to help him and become a partner in the new venture. He did not appeal in vain.

Into the biography of Joseph Addison we must enter at greater length. There are instances where the services of the lieutenant exceed those of the captain, and such was to be the case now before us. The son of Lancelot Addison, the Dean of Lichfield, himself a man of letters of no mean repute, Joseph Addison had, after a careful education at the Charter House, been entered at Queen's College, Oxford, whither, we are told, he carried “a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done honour to a Master of Arts.” He was soon, however, to exchange this college for one of the richest foundations in Europe. A copy of his Latin verses having accidentally fallen into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, of Magdalen College, led to the fortunate youth, for he was but sixteen, obtaining one of those scholarships at Magdalen called a Demyskip, and

afterwards being elected to a Fellowship. "His college," writes Macaulay,* "is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall, and strangers are still told that his favourite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell." During the next decade the life of Addison offers few features of interest. He was studying, observing, criticising, and otherwise laying up in the storehouse of his mind those vast resources upon which he was afterwards so fully to draw with fame to himself and pleasure to his readers, but he did not come in any way prominently before the public. We hear of him writing verses, editing the works of classical authors, obtaining a name at both the universities for the excellence of his Latin poems, being introduced, thanks to Tonson the publisher, to the wits at the coffee-houses, and through them making the acquaintance of one or two of the statesmen who led the fortunes of the Whig party. Still he was at this time but "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford," as Dryden, to whom he had addressed some verses, called him, and though the dawn of his career was full of promise, few anticipated that he possessed the genius which was one day to make him strike the stars with his towering crest as the essayist of the *Spectator*, the author of "Cato," and the political writer of the *Freeholder*.

From this obscurity he was now to emerge and enter upon the life in which he afterwards achieved such great distinction. The time had arrived when it was necessary for Addison to embrace a profession. His college possessed in its gift some of the richest livings in the kingdom, and to retain his Fellowship it was necessary for him to take orders. Nor were the office and duties of a clergyman opposed to his inclinations, the simplicity of his tastes, or the purity of his life. "Had he entered the Church," writes Mr. Courthope,† "there can be no doubt that his literary skill and his value as a political partizan would have opened for him a road to the highest preferment.

* Essay upon the Life and Writings of Addison.

† English Men of Letters. Addison. By W. J. Courthope.

“At that time the clergy were far from thinking it unbecoming to their cloth to fight in the political arena or to take part in journalism. Swift would have been advanced to a bishopric as a reward for his political services if it had not been for the prejudice entertained towards him by Queen Anne; Boulter, rector of St. Saviour’s, Southwark, having made himself conspicuous by editing a paper called the *Freethinker*, was raised to the Primacy of Ireland; Hoadley, the notorious Bishop of Bangor, edited the *London Journal*; the honours that were awarded to two men of such second-rate intellectual capacity would hardly have been denied to Addison. . . . Had he followed up his intention we might have known the name of Addison as that of an artful controversialist, and perhaps as a famous writer of sermons; but we should, in all probability, have never heard of the *Spectator*.”

Happily in the interests of letters his shyness, the diffidence which was always characteristic of the man, and above all the persuasions of his powerful patron, caused Addison to abandon all idea of entering the Church, and to look for a career beyond its boundaries. A useful and active Whig, he had now gained, by some Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick, the puissant protection of Charles Montagu, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards Prime Minister and Earl Halifax, who, himself a poet, was always ready to befriend struggling genius. A post in the diplomatic service was promised the future essayist, and to fit him for the duties of his appointment Addison was recommended to travel and acquire a knowledge of the French language, which apparently had not been included in his studies at Magdalen. Through the interest of Montagu and the Lord Keeper Somers, who was also much interested in the welfare of the student, a pension of £300 a year was granted him; thus enriched and still retaining his Fellowship, he crossed over to France and took up his abode at Blois, where he passed several months deep in the study of the tongue so indispensable to the career upon which he was about to enter. From France Addison journeyed still further south and made an extensive tour in Italy; then turning homewards he spent a few weeks amid the mountains

and valleys of Switzerland. It was here that, beneath the "hoary Alpine hills," he addressed his celebrated epistle, perhaps the best verses that ever flowed from his pen, to his kindly patron Montagu, now Lord Halifax, but member of the Government no longer—a minister dismissed, and in the eyes of many disgraced. Thus the ever-recurring changes of political life had barred the path of advancement to Joseph Addison. Diplomacy, like the Church, was not to be permitted to command his services, but in its stead he was soon to be called upon to give to the country what had fortunately been denied him by the State. The death of William and the accession of his sister-in-law Anne rang in the knell of the Whigs, and by the fall of his party, the bright hopes of Addison were crushed in the bud. All chance of being attached to embassy or legation was over; the payment of his pension was withdrawn; save what he could obtain from his pen, there was nothing left him but the scanty resources of a very limited private income and his Fellowship. For a few months he occupied himself as private tutor to a young lord, and in this capacity again paid a visit to the continent, where he spent some of his time in collecting materials for his treatise on "Medals," published after his death and still read by those interested in numismatic lore. And now the black clouds of drudgery and uncertainty were to dissolve, giving place to the sunshine of prosperity and preferment in which henceforth the future essayist, poet, and dramatist was to bask in undimmed and uninterrupted enjoyment.

The battle of Blenheim had been fought, and as yet no one had been found to describe in fitting terms so glorious a victory. Grub Street had put forth its powers to celebrate the occasion, but with the one result to make both the ministers and the public utterly ashamed that in the literary ranks of the country no voice could be raised to sing in verse worthy of the event. At that time Addison, pinched by poverty, was living in the attics over a small shop in the Haymarket. To his astonishment one morning he received a visit in this humble abode from no less a distinguished person than Henry Boyle,

afterwards Lord Carleton, and then filling Montagu's old place as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The former patron of Addison, in conversation with Godolphin, now Lord Treasurer, had hinted that he knew a poet who could celebrate the battle in a manner deserving of the subject, and the result of the suggestion was the appearance of the aristocratic minister in the Haymarket garret to beg the needy man of letters to take the matter in hand and come to the rescue of the perplexed government. Addison willingly assented, and the famous poem of the "Campaign," in which was the splendid similitude of Marlborough to an angel guiding the whirlwind, was the fruit of his reflections. No need henceforth for miserable lodgings, for the slavery of teaching, or for being hack to a bookseller ; genius at length was to receive its reward, and the fortune of the poet was assured. That famous passage, describing Marlborough's conduct at Blenheim, is certainly the finest in the poem :

" 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved
That in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast :
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

" Addison left off at a good moment," writes Thackeray in his genial essay.* " That simile was pronounced to be one of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke, providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under Secre-

* English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. Addison.

tary of State. O, angel visits ! you come 'few and far between' to literary gentlemen's lodgings ! your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now !"

Prosperity, like adversity, seldom comes in single spies but in battalions. Fortune now showered its favours upon Addison. He published his *Travels in Italy*, which met with considerable success, and his opera of "*Rosamond*," which was but coldly received and speedily withdrawn. In the whirligig of politics the Tories had gradually been forced to give way to their rivals, and the Whigs were once again supreme in the State. In the House of Commons which was elected in 1708, Addison sat for Malmesbury ; but shy, sensitive, and essentially a man of reflection and not of action, it is little surprising that he failed as a speaker. His place was in the library and not in the senate. The man who said that there was no such thing "as real conversation but between two persons" could not be expected to address with success a various and somewhat unsympathetic audience. Still, if he was unable to render service to his party as an orator, his brilliant pen was always in request, and his political articles were far more useful and formidable at that date than ever the tongue of man could be. What the pamphlets, satires, and squibs of Swift were to the Tories, so the same which passed out from the rich mint of Addison's brain were to the Whigs.

At the present day, what with speeches fully reported in the daily papers all over the country, journals of every shade of opinion, circulating libraries, and magazine literature, the publication of political articles is only means to an end, and not, as it was at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the end itself. A speech in Parliament which can be read throughout the kingdom within a few hours of its delivery, a leading article in a newspaper, or a few pages in a periodical review, answer now the same purpose for which political pamphlets were formerly intended. But during the reign of Queen Anne and of the earlier Georges, a member of Parliament spoke to his brother members only ; his words, however weighty, were strictly confined to his audience, and their exact reproduction

to the world outside was an act which the most daring bookseller would hesitate to commit. The consequence was that matters most vital to the interests of the nation might be brought before Parliament, and yet the public, so far as the deliberations of the Legislature were concerned, be not a whit the wiser. A statesman might be bitterly denounced, a grave measure might be fully discussed, questions of the greatest import to the commercial, the social, and the political condition of the kingdom might be raised, and still the multitude not privileged to enter the walls of St. Stephen's remain in utter ignorance of the proceedings of their representatives. And here it was that the pamphleteer stepped in as the middleman between the Parliament and the public. He might be a practical statesman like Walpole or Pulteney, the literary leader of his party like Swift or Addison, or a political hack hoping by his attacks and vindications to force himself into a seat in the Customs or Excise. Without encroaching upon the prerogatives of Parliament, he discussed in his few brief pages all matters agitated at Westminster, and according to his opinions or anticipations of reward, abused or applauded the action of the government. A powerful pamphlet which could be read by all was, therefore, a far more able ally or dangerous foe than a powerful speech which could only be heard by a few. Hence it was that both Whigs and Tories, at this date, kept in their pay and handsomely rewarded men of acknowledged eminence in literature, to advocate their policy by pamphlets, plays, poems, or mordant squibs. Glance at the list and see the scribes and the prizes they gained. Newton was Master of the Mint; Locke a Commissioner of Appeals; Swift a dean; Addison first Under-Secretary and then Secretary of State; Steele a Commissioner of Stamps; Tickell Secretary for Ireland; Stepney, Prior, and Gay were in the diplomatic service; and Congreve, Rowe, Hughes, and Ambrose Phillips held valuable public appointments. It is no exaggeration to say that at this time the pen of Addison, of Swift, and of Steele was to the country at large what the speeches of Godolphin, St. John, and Harley were to the House of Commons.

After sitting for a few months in the House of Commons as the representative of Malmesbury, Addison, on the downfall of Lord Sunderland, crossed St. George's Channel as Chief Secretary to the Earl of Wharton, who had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. And now it was that ensued the literary companionship which offered so favourable an opportunity for the display of that graceful yet penetrating humour which has made the name of Addison one of the most cherished in the long gallery of English classics. Never were two characters, fused in the mould of friendship, more the exact opposite of each other than were Richard Steele and Joseph Addison. The one shy, sensitive, and so scrupulously correct in conduct and conversation that he had been sneered at as "a parson in a tye wig;" the other loose in talk and action, often in the hands of the sheriff's officer, alternately sinning and repenting, and, except when in the spunging-house or in ill-health, seldom out of his cups. The humour of Addison was subtle, decorous, quietly caustic, and supremely witty; that of Steele noisy, coarse, full of vigour and vitality, often very mirth-moving, but too prone to excite amusement by the treatment of subjects which had better have been left untouched. Addison, on the contrary, was not only the most humorous of writers, but the purest. "He taught," writes Macaulay, "the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humour richer than the humour of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently [in the days of the Restoration] been directed against virtue, that since his time the open violence of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool." We have only to see in the essays contributed to the *Spectator* contained in this volume how striking is the difference when a portrait or a subject is touched by the hand of Addison, and when it falls under the treatment of his colleagues. On the happily few occasions when Steele or Budgell worked upon the canvas of that charming of all creations, Sir Roger de Coverley, both did their best, by

coarse and inharmonious strokes, to mar the picture. Of Addison it may truly be said he touched nothing which he did not adorn.

Shortly after Addison, on the loss of his post as Under-Secretary of State, had exchanged London for Dublin, to fulfil his new duties as Chief Secretary, Steele proceeded to carry out a design he had long been meditating. He started, as we have already said, the publication of the *Tatler*, which was to appear on three given days in the week. Unlike its rivals—the *London Post*, the *Flying Post*, *Dyer's News Letter*, and the like—its columns were not to be exclusively occupied with foreign news and political topics. From his official position as editor of the *London Gazette*, Steele possessed opportunities of obtaining early and accurate foreign intelligence, which would, of course, be an important element in his new venture, and place the other periodical papers at a disadvantage. Still other attractions were to be presented at the same time. Articles on dress and fashion were to appeal to its female readers; the frequenters of the coffee-houses were to be propitiated by the latest doings on the continent, the criticism on the last new play, the gossip of the hour, and such light topics as would pleasantly while away the time spent over coffee and tobacco; then there were to be essays, philosophical discourses, and reflections upon art, literature, and the moral tone of the day for the graver and more studious section of society. “The aim of Steele,” says Macaulay, “does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect, and though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient

in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant small drink if not kept too long or carried too far."

Thus, heralded by gossip and advertisement, appeared the *Tatler*, in the spring of 1709. Addison, then sitting in the Irish House of Commons as member for the borough of Cavan, saw an early number of the new periodical, and, in reply to his friend's request, became its leading contributor. Of the services rendered by Addison on this occasion Steele thus speaks :—"I have only one gentleman," he says in the preface to the *Tatler*, "who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which indeed it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid ; I was undone by my own auxiliary ; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him." Among the more important papers contributed by Addison on this occasion are Tom Folio, "a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions and stock the libraries of great men ;" The Political Upholsterer, the greatest newsmonger of the quarter, with his incessant craving after foreign intelligence and loans of half-a-crown ; The Institution of the Court of Honour, with its jurisdiction over Ladies' Quarrels, False Affronts, cases of False Delicacy, and the like ; Frozen Words, quizzing that most veracious of travellers, Sir John Mandeville, and the Humorous Adventures of a Shilling. In the conduct of this journal the aid of Addison was so dominant and effective that he himself was in reality the "*Tatler*." "The truth is," writes Macaulay, "that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share."

Literature was, however, now no longer for Addison a pleasant relaxation in the interval of official work, but once

more a profession to be pursued in stern, downright earnest. The agitation consequent upon the trial of the parson Sacheverell, for his sermon against resistance to kings, had been the means of ousting the Whigs, and the Tories were once more in power. Addison naturally shared in the ill fortunes of his party. His Secretaryship was taken from him ; in the hope of winning the hand of the Countess of Warwick he had resigned his Fellowship ; and he appears at this time to have lost much of the money that he had been enabled as Chief Secretary to save. "I have within this twelvemonth," he writes to Wortley, "lost a place of two thousand a year, an estate in the Indies worth fourteen thousand, and, what is worse than all, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy ! To which I must add that I have just resigned my Fellowship, and the stocks sink every day." His mistress was doubtless my Lady Warwick, to whom he had long been deeply but silently attached, and who appears to have looked coldly upon his passion now that he was a mere man of letters and no longer a powerful official. Still, the picture of his future was not all shade. Through the influence of Swift he was permitted for a time to hold his Keepership of the Records in Birmingham's Tower, an Irish post conferred upon him by Queen Anne, as a mark of her esteem, and worth some four hundred a year. His brother, the Governor of Fort St. George, had died, leaving him "an estate in the Indies," in great confusion, it is true, and burdened with debt, but still out of which Addison, as sole legatee, obtained something. Then, further to console him, his health was excellent, his temper serene, and his popularity, thanks to his writings and the purity and sweetness of his character, higher and more extensive than ever. Unlike many of his political friends, no opposition was made to his return to Parliament. "The Tories," writes Swift to Stella, "carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed ; and I believe if he had a mind to be king he would hardly be refused." Out of office, his means crippled, with ample leisure at his disposal, the opportunity now presented itself to Addison to work with greater

energy and undivided attention the rich mine which in his previous undertakings he had, as it were, only prospected and scratched the surface. Steele, in spite of his Whig proclivities, was continued in office as Gazetteer, but on the distinct understanding that he was not to employ his pen in attacking the government which paid him. The *Tatler*, deprived of its foreign intelligence and losing all the smartness of its political articles, had degenerated into the dullest and most commonplace of journals. Steele resolved to end its existence, and in its stead to bring out a daily newspaper which, though non-political, should have in it all the more attractive elements of his late enterprise, but based on a wider and more improved plan. Early in the January of 1711 appeared the last paper in the *Tatler*, and at the beginning of the following March the first sheet, as we have said, of the immortal *Spectator* saw the light.

The idea which ran through the new journal was a very happy one. The articles that appeared pretend to be the result of the comments and observations of an actual individual who is the centre of a little coterie of friends. The *Spectator* himself was the coinage of Addison's own brain, and, from the description of "the short-faced gentleman," it is evident that the character was intended by the writer for himself. This observant personage is a shy student, who has made the grand tour, who loves to watch and criticise his fellow creatures after a quiet fashion of his own, who haunts the coffee-houses in vogue, whose modesty makes him reflect more than talk, and who by birth and culture is thoroughly the gentleman. Let us see how the artist paints his own portrait. "I have observed," he writes in his first paper, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, as a prefatory discourse to my following writings, and shall give some account in

them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

“I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror’s time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father’s being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine ; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother’s dream : for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

“As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well*. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence : for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words : and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

“Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen ; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid ; and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

“I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me ; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance ; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will’s,* and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child’s ;† and, while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James’s Coffee House,‡ and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian,§ the Cocoa-Tree,|| and in the theatres both of

* Will’s Coffee House, so called from Will Urwin, its proprietor, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street, at the end of Bow Street. Dryden’s use of this coffee-house caused the wits of the town to meet there.

† Child’s Coffee House was in St. Paul’s Churchyard. It was the haunt of physicians, philosophers, and clergy.

‡ St. James’s Coffee House was the last house but one on the south-west corner of St. James’s Street. Near St. James’s Palace, it was a place of resort for officers of the Guards and men of fashion ; also for Whig politicians in the reign of Queen Anne.

§ The Grecian Coffee House was in Devereux Court, Strand, and named from a Greek, Constantine, who kept it ; it was the place of resort for lawyers.

|| The Cocoa-Tree, a Chocolate House in St. James’s Street, used exclusively by Tory statesmen and men of fashion.

Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's.* In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club. Thus I live in the world, rather as a Spectator of mankind, than as one of the species ; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband, or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them ; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."

Into the disputed question whether the famous character of the Club was originally the creation of Steele or was the result of joint conversation among the staff of the paper, we shall not enter ; certain it is that to whomsoever the credit of the idea of the character is due, its carrying out and elaboration were entirely the work of Addison and of no other. The Templar with his taste and culture, the clergyman with his philosophy, the soldier with his military views, the merchant with his middle-class hard-headed opinions, Will. Honeycomb the man of fashion, may have emanated from the brain of Steele ; but every feature in the portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the sweetest and most natural characters that imagination has ever depicted, was filled in by the genius of Addison, and seldom improved when Steele or Budgell took

* Jonathan's Coffee House, in Change Alley, was the place of resort for stock-jobbers.

up the brush to give a touch to the canvas. Who does not admire Sir Roger as portrayed by the pure, kindly, sympathetic hand of its author? How interested we are in the knight's* unsuccessful love-suit—was that love-suit then typical of Addison's wooing of Lady Warwick?—how tenderly we treat his prejudices, which he mistakes for ideas, how amused we are by his reflections, how he wins our affection by his delicacy to those beneath him, by his hospitality, by his little despotisms as a county magnate! What a high-minded, good-hearted gentleman he is, in spite of his brain-cracks, with his stout, inflexible Toryism! Even when we differ from him we love him, and always listen to his contentions with pleasure. We read of him at home among his own people, or in chat with his friend, Will. Wimble, or standing up in church to see who of his tenants are missing, or making a speech at the Assizes to prove how important is the county position he occupies, or criticising the play at the theatre, or making his reflections upon the tombs in Westminster Abbey,—in every incident of his life he commands our interest, sympathy, and affection. Throughout his history not a scene in which he moves, not a sentiment which he utters, ever jars upon our feelings or gives rise to the thought that it had better have been omitted. For the handiwork of Addison the severest critic can have nothing but delight and affection. Steele and Budgeell come to the aid of their friend, and think they give additional life and vigour to this gem of a character by animating it with the promptings of a rake and debauchee.

The success of the *Spectator* was immediate and complete. Whilst other journals sold their hundreds it commanded its thousands, and, in spite of the stamp-tax, which dealt the death-blow to several of its rivals, was a success to the last. Nor was this surprising. The *Spectator* appealed to every taste and every class, and was equally welcome to both sexes. In its light and brilliant pages the gay dame of fashion was

* According to Steele, Sir Roger was a baronet; in the pages of Addison he is always a knight.

taught how to use her fan, how to patch and paint, how to flirt and fascinate, what books to read, what letters to write, what charms to conceal and display, what articles to buy, what dresses to wear. "There are none," writes Addison, "to whom this paper will be more useful than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjustment of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribands is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparations of jellies and sweetmeats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as of love, into their male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent, if not an improving entertainment, and by that means, at least, divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles."

To that large and lazy class of men, who then as now derive all their ideas from the newspapers they read, and are destitute of conversation unless a subject is supplied them, the *Spectator* came as a perfect godsend. "I have often considered these poor souls," says Addison, in one of his earlier articles, "with an eye of great commiseration when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with whether there was any news stirring, and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy per-

sons do not know what to talk of till about twelve o'clock in the morning ; for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sets, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper ; and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours."

Then again in the pages of the new journal, the beau was told how to walk, to talk, and make his reverence ; how to do justice to his periwig, to take snuff, to dandle his cane, to impress the fair sex, and to stimulate conversation in the coffee-houses. Sportsmen read of the pleasures of the chase, the moving incidents of field, forest and flood, and the delights of exercise. The wit was taught what haunts of fashion to frequent, what *bons mots* to make, what puns to twist, how to lead the talk of the moment up to the delivery of his prepared epigrams, how to sneer, laugh, and sting. For the pious there were religious essays, thoughtful yet quaint, and as interesting as any of the sermons of South ; for the student there were papers on modern literature, the classics, "the itch of writing," and the cultivation of true criticism ; mothers were instructed how to bring up their children, actors how to play, curates how to read, gardeners when and what to plant, artists what to imitate and avoid, authors how to create, and appeal to, their public. Whilst for that audience which pretends to no distinctive tastes but only cares for amusement or instruction clad in the lightest of garbs, there were articles exposing the sorrows of hen-pecked husbands, the self-inflicted tortures of jealous wives, the alternate vanity and despondency of ugly men, the whims of valetudinarians, the audacity and cowardice of bullies, the woes and wants of the married and the single, and censures, witty yet severe, upon the conduct of Mohocks, Starers, Liars, Whisperers, Loiterers, *et hoc genus omne*. In the

comments and criticisms of the "Short-faced Man" there was food for all, and to all it was pleasantly savoured and well served up. "I constantly peruse your paper," writes George Trusty, of Tower Hill, "as I smoke my morning's pipe (though I can't forbear reading the motto before I fill and light), and really it gives a grateful relish to every whiff; each paragraph is fraught either with useful or delightful notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The variety of your subjects surprises me as much as a box of pictures did formerly, in which there was only one face, that by pulling some pieces of isinglass over it was changed into a grave senator or a merry-andrew, a polished lady or a nun, a beau or a blackamoor, a prude or a coquette, a country squire or a conjuror, with many other different representations very entertaining (as you are), though still the same at the bottom."

Yet lightness of touch was not the one and mere aim of the *Spectator*. It was its object to make instruction agreeable and diversion useful—to enliven morality with wit and to temper wit with morality, "that my readers may if possible both ways find their account in the speculation of the day." Then the *Spectator* states the purport of his articles. "It was said of Socrates," he writes, "that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." In the preparation of this programme the chief work fell upon Addison. We must remember that in spite of the aid, and often of the very effective aid, of his colleagues, the greater portion of the *Spectator* proceeded from the pen of Addison. It was Joseph Addison who was in very truth the head and front of the new venture. His articles were easily distinguished from those of his colleagues, and it was to his articles that the public he had created chiefly looked for their amusement. And it was for amusement, it must be admitted, that the *Spectator* was principally read. The graver essays and the criticisms on Milton and the other poets that Addison wrote ap-

pealed to their special circle, but it was the lighter papers illumined by his exquisite wit, his keen but tender humour, his chivalrous consideration towards woman, his sweet sympathy, that charm of style—to study which Dr. Johnson said men should give their days and nights—for which the mass of readers waited with an anticipation that declined to be satisfied by any other contributor.

No matter what be the subject discussed, Addison never wounds or offends us. We listen attentively to what he has to say in his more solemn moods, we laugh with him when our foibles come within the range of his kindly satire, we are reminded at every turn of his wide and profound knowledge of humanity ; he amuses us, admonishes us, teaches us, and we feel always in the presence of one who knows to the last flutter of our ignoble hearts the little vanities and ambitions that agitate us and give life to the mechanism of that most unequal and opposite of systems, human nature. But we never quit his pages—as we often turn from those of Swift, Voltaire, and the other master anatomists of mankind—feeling worse for the revelations he discloses, holding our own order in hatred or contempt, looking upon everything as revolving upon the axis of self-interest between the poles of venality and corruption, and detesting the author because he makes us detest ourselves. Addison, though he is constantly harping upon our frailties and holding up the glass wherein we may see our reflections, never indulges in a pessimist view of our condition : he is no Schopenhauer ; we may be weak, but we are not bad. The ugly man may think himself good-looking, the dunce that he is well read, the low born that he is of ancient race, the social pauper that he hides his poverty, the toady that he is independent, the beauty that she fears no rivalry, the wife that she is never jealous, or the husband never exacting—that, in short, all of us may fancy we are what we pretend to be and not what we really are. These in the kindly eyes of the Spectator may be faults, but they are not vices ; nor do they warrant, in his opinion, a very severe condemnation of human nature. Man with a little correction

can be happy here and will be blessed hereafter ; such is the genial creed of Addison, and in his life and writings he acted up to it. "There is indeed," he remarks in one of his later papers (564), "no such thing as a person entirely good or bad ; virtue and vice are blended and mixed together, in a greater or less proportion, in every one : and if you would search for some particular good quality in its most eminent degree of perfection, you will often find it in a mind where it is darkened and eclipsed by an hundred other irregular passions." It was the duty of mankind to pursue that middle course which lies between merriment and melancholy. "A man," he says (599), "would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon ; human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy, nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor at the same time as if there were no men in it."

"The plan of the *Spectator*," writes Macaulay, "must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately ; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the *Spectator's* Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the *Spectator* on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre when the 'Distressed Mother' is acted. The *Spectator* pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will.

Wimble, rides to the assizes and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will. Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the *Spectator* resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists. We say this of Addison alone: for Addison is the *Spectator*. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips."

Towards the close of the year 1712 the *Spectator* came to an end. "All the members of the imaginary Society," writes Steele, Dec. 6th, 1712, "which were described in my first paper having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himself to go off the stage." Various reasons have been alleged for the suppression of the journal. The public, it has been said, was getting tired of the observations and reflections of the "short-faced gentleman." With the death of Sir Roger de Coverley the chief interest in the paper ceased. Addison was busy preparing his "Cato" for the stage, and could only write irregularly. Steele was hotly immersed in politics, and was anxious to conduct a political

journal—whatever were the reasons, the papers which had amused our ancestors for so many months now ceased to appear, and gave place to other and less successful journals. Upon the withdrawal of the *Spectator*, Steele started the *Guardian*, to which Addison sent a few articles, but the paper enjoyed only a brief existence. Then appeared the *Englishman*, a political journal, to which Addison contributed nothing, and its fate was no more prosperous than its predecessor. And now it was that Addison conceived the idea of adding an eighth volume to the *Spectator*. “In June, 1714,” writes Macaulay, “the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the *Englishman* and the eighth volume of the *Spectator*—between Steele without Addison and Addison without Steele. The *Englishman* is forgotten; the eighth volume of the *Spectator* contains, perhaps, the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.”

With the termination of the *Spectator*, so far as this volume is concerned, our interest in its two chief authors ceases. Of their subsequent history a few words must suffice. Upon the death of Queen Anne, Addison for a brief period held the seals as Secretary to the Regency, and on the appointment of the Earl of Sunderland, by George the First, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, once more crossed St. George's Channel as Chief Secretary. In the August of 1716, owing to the resignation of Sunderland, he was again out of office. To act as an antidote to the Jacobite agitation, Addison now started the *Freeholder*, a purely political journal, strongly in the interests of the House of Hanover, and which, in the judgment of his great critic, is entitled to rank in the first place among his political works. For his services on this occasion he was rewarded with the post of Commissioner for Trade and Colonies. At this date he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, a near neighbour of his at Chelsea, and whose son he had, by many a kindly letter of advice, vainly endeavoured to wean from vicious courses, and his home henceforth was within the stately

walls of Holland House. The marriage, it is said, was not a happy one. We are told that milady was an arrogant and imperious dame, and that the shrinking, gentle Spectator was often "glad to escape from the Countess-Dowager and her magnificent dining-room blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret with the friends of his happier days." "On the other hand," writes Mr. Courthope, "Addison speaks of his wife in a way which is scarcely consistent with what Johnson calls 'uncontradicted report.' On March 20th, 1718, he writes to Swift :—'Whenever you see England your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House, where you are highly esteemed by Lady Warwick and the young Lord.' A henpecked husband would hardly have invited the Dean of St. Patrick's to be the witness of his domestic discomfort. Nor do the terms of his will, dated only a month before his death, indicate that he regarded his wife with feelings other than those of affection and respect : 'I do make and ordain my said dear wife executrix of this my last will ; and I do appoint her to be guardian of my dear child, Charlotte Addison, until she shall attain her age of one-and-twenty, being well assured that she will take due care of her education, and provide for her in case she live to be married.' On the whole, it seems reasonable to put positive evidence of this kind against those vague rumours of domestic unhappiness, which, however unsubstantial, are so easily propagated and so readily believed."

The following year Lord Sunderland, who had married Marlborough's daughter, became one of the Secretaries of State, and Addison, whose services in the Whig cause had been so faithful, and whose poem of the "Campaign" had given additional lustre to the glorious reputation of Marlborough, was entrusted with the seals as Second Secretary, vice Lord Townshend. "Many," writes Macaulay, "will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavourable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of

high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it would now be inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively Under-Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which dukes, the heads of the great Houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honour to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached." This elevation was due to his literary genius and to the powerful aid he had given to the Whig cause by his political articles. "To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents," continues Macaulay, "was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy, political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness."

Ill health, however, soon obliged Addison to resign office; shortly after his delivery of the seals his death ensued, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, June 17th, 1719. His body, after lying in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, was buried at night in Westminster Abbey. The scene is thus finely described by Tickell in his *Elegy*:—

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave"

How silent did his old companions tread,
 By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
 Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
 Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings !
 What awe did the slow solemn march inspire,
 The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
 The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
 And the last words that dust to dust conveyed !
 While speechless o'er the closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend !
 Oh gone for ever ; take this last adieu,
 And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague."

The papers contributed by Addison to the *Spectator* are, as a rule, signed with one of the four letters, C., L., I., O. It is a disputed point whether Addison selected these letters for his signature because they form the name of one of the Muses—the Muse of History—or because his articles were respectively written from four different places—Chelsea, London, Islington, and the office.

Steele outlived his literary partner by several years. Upon the meeting of the new Parliament in 1713 he was returned member for Stockbridge in Dorsetshire, but was expelled a few days after having taken his seat for being concerned in the writing of several seditious and scandalous libels. On the accession of George the First his party attacks in the *Englishman*, the *Crisis*, and the *Reader* were rewarded with office. Their author was now appointed Surveyor to the Royal Stables at Hampton Court, put into the Commission of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, and nominated Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians at Drury Lane. He was also elected one of the representatives for Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, and raised to the dignity of a knight. He still busied himself with the writing of political pamphlets, and in 1717 was appointed one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. The following year, on Sunderland bringing in his bill for preventing any future creations of peers, save when an existing peerage should become extinct, Steele warmly opposed the measure, both in the House of Commons and in his new paper, the *Plebeian*, as a scheme favouring the formation of an oligarchy. Addison

who, as we know, was Sunderland's colleague, replied in the *Old Whig*, and this was the only subject of open political difference between the two friends. Owing to this opposition to the Peerage Bill the licence of Steele for acting plays was revoked, and his patent at Drury Lane rendered ineffectual at the instance of the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain. To defend himself and his brother patentees against the hostility of the Government, Steele now started the *Theatre* to ventilate his grievances. All vindication was, however, useless. Steele was dismissed from the government of Drury Lane, to which a salary of £600 a year was attached, and otherwise encountered the ill-will of the powerful Minister. Upon the return of Sir Robert Walpole to office he was re-instated, and now brought out the most successful of all his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers." This was his last triumph. It was evident to his friends that the end of his days was at hand. For some months past his health had steadily declined ; his jovial spirits had given place to fits of great depression, though the sweetness of his temper was still unimpaired. Death, too, had been busy in his family, and to add to his afflictions he was harassed by debt. A paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered, laid him aside from work and pleasure ; he lingered several months, and then passed to his rest, Sept. 1, 1729, at Languanor, near Carmarthen. He was privately interred, according to his own desire, in the church of Caermarthen. The signature of Steele to his papers in the *Spectator* was R. and T., the former, it has been supposed, when he wrote the whole of the paper, the latter when he composed or compiled from the letter-box.

As to the other contributors mentioned in this volume a few words must suffice. Eustace Budgell was the son of Dr. Gilbert Budgell, of St. Thomas', near Exeter, who appears to have been a divine of some property, for we find him sending the lad up to Oxford as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, and afterwards entering him at the Inner Temple, "to study law, with a provision suitable to his rank and necessities." The law, however, possessed few attractions to the young student, who, shortly after being called, exchanged the bar for the

pursuit of polite literature. In 1710 Addison, whose cousin he was, engaged him as one of his clerks when Chief Secretary for Ireland. In this employment so keen was Budgell's attention to business that four years afterwards he was promoted to the post of principal secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland and deputy clerk of the Council. At the same time so marked were his talents that he obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament, where he was considered a clear and effective speaker. In 1717 he was appointed by Addison, then Secretary of State, as Accountant and Comptroller-General. This was the highest point of his fortunes, and his fall was rapid and of his own seeking. He quarrelled with the Duke of Bolton, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was deprived of his office; he returned to England only to make another enemy of Lord Sunderland by writing against the famous Peerage Bill; he lost the whole of his fortune by embarking in the notorious South Sea scheme; and his ill-luck now culminated in being disappointed of the post of secretary to the Duke of Portland, then going out as Governor of Jamaica. Budgell had made arrangements for this new office, when the duke was informed by the Government that "he might take any man in England for his secretary excepting Mr. Budgell, but that he must not take *him*." Soured and impoverished, Budgell now pursued a life so unprincipled and reckless that it is evident his mind was disordered. About the year 1732, on the death of Matthew Tindal, a bequest to Eustace Budgell appeared in his will, accompanied by circumstances so suspicious that in consequence of a legal inquiry the will was set aside. Pope alludes to this transaction—

"Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whatever he please—except my will."

The end was now nigh. "From this unhappy period his mind appears to have been absorbed in gloomy reflections on the loss of reputation, friends, and fortune, until it at last contracted that inexplicable delirium which presents to a disordered imagination the advantages of suicide. On May 4, 1737, he

drowned himself in the Thames, by jumping out of a boat at London Bridge, and had evidently made deliberate preparations for this catastrophe : Besides intimating to his servant, when he went out, that he should return no more, his pockets were filled with stones, and in his escritoire was a short scrap of a will, written a day or two before, importing that he left all his personal estate to his natural daughter, Anne Budgell, then about eleven years of age." He left also on his bureau a slip of paper, on which was written,

"What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong——"

In the *Spectator*, Budgell wrote twenty-eight papers, with the signature letter X.

To the two remaining contributors we need give but a few lines. John Hughes was early distinguished for his poetical and musical abilities, and he is now chiefly remembered as the author of the tragedy, "The Siege of Damascus." Though Swift and Pope had no high opinion of his talents, yet Addison was so impressed with his fine judgment that he requested him to complete his "Cato" for the stage. He was, as Dr. Johnson called him, "an honest and a pious man," and his articles—especially the more serious ones—are excellent both for matter and manner. Of Henry Martyn all we know is that he was an invalid and a barrister. "He was an excellent scholar and an able lawyer, but his infirm state of health would not permit him to attend the courts."

The Edition from which this selection of the articles in the *Spectator* is compiled is from the one, edited and revised in six volumes, by Alexander Chalmers.

A. C. F.



CHARACTER SKETCHES.

THE CLUB.

No. 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 2, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

—Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore—

JUV. Sat. vii. 167.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.* His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square.† It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentle-

* This character is said to have been drawn from Sir John Pakington of Worcestershire, "a Tory, not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities."

† At that time a new and fashionable part of the town. It was built in 1681.

man, had often supped with my Lord Rochester* and Sir George Etherege,† fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson‡ in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot his cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends, rather as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an

* A licentious wit, who was a great favourite of Charles II. Author of a poem on "Nothing."

† Author of several loose comedies. A great favourite among the wits of the Restoration.

‡ A noted sharper about town, at the time here pointed out: he was well known in Black Friars and its then infamous purlieus. It is said that the character of Captain Hackum, in Shadwell's comedy called the Squire of Alsatia, was drawn to expose bully Dawson.

old humoursome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighbourhood ; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool ; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in ; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business : exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russel-court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins ; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose.* It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London : a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British

* A tavern near Drury Lane Theatre, then much resorted to by the looser class of playgoers.

Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts ; and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms ; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation ; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar ; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself ; and says, that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men ; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry,* a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges ; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession, where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict

* It is said, that the real person alluded to under this name was Colonel Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt who lost his life when the Royal George sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

honesty and an even regular behaviour are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore, he will conclude, that a man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb,* a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well; and remembers habits, as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches

* A Colonel Cleland was supposed to have been the real person alluded to under this character.

our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods ; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat ; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan, from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, " He has good blood in his veins ; Tom Mirabel begot him ; the rogue cheated me in that affair : that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn ; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom ; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has had the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and, consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to ; he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which

he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R

I.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

No. 106. MONDAY, JULY 2, 1711. [ADDISON.]

———Hinc tibi copia

Manabit ad plenum, benigno

Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

HOR. 1 Od. xvii. 14.

Here Plenty's liberal horn shall pour

Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,

Rich honours of the quiet plain.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons : for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him ; by this means his domestics are all in years, and

grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with : on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an

humorist ; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned ? and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. “ My friend,” says Sir Roger, “ found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he out-lives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them ; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.”

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we

were talking of came up to us ; and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph* in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

L.

WILL WIMBLE.

No. 108. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.

PHÆDR. Fab. v. 2.

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

AS I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which he

* Dr. William Fleetwood, afterwards Bishop of Ely.

told him Mr. William Wimble* had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

“SIR ROGER,

“I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John’s eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

“I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“WILL WIMBLE.”

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows.—Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the county, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed on account of his family, he is a very welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him.

* Will Wimble is said to have been one Thomas Morecraft, the younger son of a Yorkshire baronet.

He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters ; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "how they wear !" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when he saw him make up to us with two or three hazel twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in ; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with

several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing to my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us ; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles ; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station in life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications ?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way in life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic ; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

L.

HAUNTED.

No. 110. FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 755.

All things are full of horror and affright,
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms,* feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head: to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places.

* Psalm cxlv. ii. 9.

There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention ; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light : yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives ; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."*

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head : and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless ; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up ; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night ;

* Essay on the Human Understanding, Book ii. ch. 33.

that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imaginations of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd, unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, That the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often be-

hold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.*

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus,† not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. “Glaphyra, the daughter of King Archilaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: ‘Glaphyra,’ says he, ‘thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the first husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.’” Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue. L.

* Lucret. iv. 34, &c.

† Josephus: *Antiq. Jud.* lib. xvii. cap. xv.

IN CHURCH.

No. 112. MONDAY, JULY 9, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμος ὥς διδκεῖται,
Τιμᾷ—

PYTHAG.

First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms:

upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer : and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side : and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well,

he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place ; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire ; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tythe-stealers ; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year ; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

L.

THE PERVERSE WIDOW.

No. 113. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1711. [STEELE.]

—————Hærent infixi pectore vultus.

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 4.

Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth ; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did ; * and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her : and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees ; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence ; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before ; and gave me

* By some the fascinating widow has been identified with Mrs. Catherine Boevey, widow of Mr. William Boevey.

the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows :

“ I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame ; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county ; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby : and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, ‘ Make way for the defendant's witnesses.’ This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occa-

sioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour ; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

“ However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me ; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is

that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility ; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, ‘I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.’ They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind ; and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphynx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with such a creature. But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other ; and yet I have been credibly informed, but who can believe half that is said ? after she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my behold-

ing her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently : her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansey in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her you would be in the same condition ; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her ; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature ! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company ; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse ; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet, hanc loquitur* ; I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition :

" Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo
 Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur :
 Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
 Nævia ; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
 Scriberet hesternâ patri cùm luce salutem,
 Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave."

EPIG. i. 69.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit or walk,
 Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk ;
 Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
 Still he must talk of Nævia, or be mute.
 He writ to his father, ending with this line,
 I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine.

R

LOVE OF SPORT.

No. 115. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1711. [ADDISON.]

——— *Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.*

JUV. SAT. x. 356.

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the

faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use ! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty ; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the

hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes ; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting ; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises ; and if the English reader would see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica*.* For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in the corner of my room, and it pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

* By Francis Fuller, M.A.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition : * It is there called the *σκιωμαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude : As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties ; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

L.

WITCHCRAFT.

No. 117. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—— Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.

VIRG. Ecl. viii. 108.

With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press

* This is Hieronymus Mercurialis's celebrated book, *Artes Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos, &c. Libri sex. Venet. 1569, 4to.* See lib. iv. cap. 5, and lib. vi. cap. 2.

equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions, or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway :*

“In a close lane as I pursu’d my journey
I spy’d a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall’d and red ;
Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands seem’d wither’d ;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter’d remnant of an old strip’d hanging,
Which serv’d to keep her carcase from the cold :

* See his Orphan, Act II., Chamont to Monimia.

So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairymaid does not make her butter to come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of the peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbours' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.*

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

L.

* In 1712, a few months after this Essay was written, one Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, a village in Hertfordshire, was condemned to death for witchcraft. She was the last person who suffered capital punishment in England for this so-called offence.

CONFIDENTS.

No. 118. MONDAY, JULY 16, 1711. [STEELE.]

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 73.

——The fatal dart

Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds ; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with a new sense of pleasure ; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. “ This woman,” says he, “ is of all others the most unintelligible ; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them ; but, conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses, without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas ! why do I call her so ? because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem : I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I

wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her? And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confident.

“Of all persons under the sun,” continued he, calling me by my name, “be sure to set a mark upon confidants: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confident shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confident. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that——” Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, “What, not one smile?” We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger’s master of the game. The knight whispered me, “Hist, these are lovers.” The huntsman looking earnestly at the

shadow of the young maiden in the stream, "Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with! But, alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile—It is too much to bear—" He had no sooner spoke these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake." "Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidents! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise; for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: how-

ever, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her : whenever she is recalled to my imagination, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I so easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured ; and, between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain : for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants : but has a glass-hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool."

T.

THE COUNTRY ASSIZES.

No. 122. FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.

PUBL. SYR. FRAG.

An agreeable companion on the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by everyone that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

“The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for ‘taking the law’ of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it inclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution: his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.”

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole: when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. such an one, if he pleased, might “take the law of him” for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that “much might be said on both sides.” They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight’s determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge’s ear, that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our

laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that he was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and, to do honour to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a Duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the knight's directions to

add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, that "much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

L.

PARTY SPIRIT.

No. 126. WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRG. ÆN. x. 108.

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.

IN my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves

of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed do solemnly declare, that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four ; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavours to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and places ; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do so also firmly declare, that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavour to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other ; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under colour of the public good ; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders ; we should soon see that furious party-spirit extinguished which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus* an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the

* Diod. Sic. Biblioth. Lib. i. s. 87.

eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labours of this industrious animal, Ægypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Ægyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behaviour of ordinary partizans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humour fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockies and Tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, and the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the monied interest. This humour is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds

no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in the town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the innkeeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humour. Being upon the bowling-green at a neighbouring market-town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behaviour than ordinary; but was much surprised, that, notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former Parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this humour, I met not only one, which concerns myself. Will Whible was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain gentleman; and upon my looking at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the

country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country ; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions ; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

C.

A TROOP OF GIPSIES.

No. 130. MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711. [ADDISON.]

— Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere raptō.

VIRG. Æn. vii. 748.

A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants ; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop : but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. " If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, " they are sure to have it ; if a hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes

their prey : our geese cannot live in peace for them ; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them ; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them : the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it ; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so

long ; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, "She was an idle baggage," and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache ; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing."—The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things ; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked ; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty years ago. "As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in ; which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems

to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him up for drowned in one of the canals with which the country abounds ; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate : the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off ; but, if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman ; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

C.

THE SPEC. EXCITES CURIOSITY.

No. 131. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—*Ipsæ rursum concedite sylvæ.*

VIRG. Ecl. x. 63.

Once more ye woods, adieu.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chace. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive

after my name and character ; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various ; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer ; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they here call a White Witch.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow : and, as they have heard he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest ; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer ; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine but because I do not hoot, and hello, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them,—“That it is my way,” and that I am only a philosopher ; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a

place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer, that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

“DEAR SPEC,

“I SUPPOSE this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr’ythee don’t send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude thou art in love with one of Sir Roger’s dairy-maids. Service to knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother’s son of us commonwealth’s men.

“Dear Spec, thine eternally,

“WILL HONEYCOMB.”

IN TOWN.

No. 269. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

—*Evo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas—*OVID. *Ars Am.* i. 241.

Most rare is now our old Simplicity.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene,* and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always called him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with

* Prince Eugene was at this time in London, and highly caressed by the queen, her ministry and courtiers, though his visit was unwelcome, and unwelcome to them all, on account of the friendship he entertained for the Duke of Marlborough, who was then the subject of hostile party intrigues.

a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work ; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr. Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and, being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them ; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays ; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas

should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England,* and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having despatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me, with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines: but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?"† But, without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

* This Act was passed for the relief of the 10. April. 1701. and is contained in the Statute at large, printed in the year 1703. It is a very good Act, and has secured the Church of England from the dangerous and pernicious designs of the dissenting party, who had been endeavouring to subvert the Church of England.

† See the account of the pope's procession in the *London Gazette* of the 17th of November 1700. The pope's Holiness, Innocent the third, was then Secretary of State's Warrant.

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires's? * As I love the old man, I take a delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, till the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

L

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. 329. TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

Ire tamen restat Numa qua devenit et Ancus.

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,

We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey,†

* Squires's was in Fulwood's (now called Fuller's) Rents, Holborn.

† See Miscellaneous Essays in this volume, No. 26.

in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not, at first, imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable ; * upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner ; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me farther, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic : † when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county ; that she

* If we are to credit the author of *The Independent Whig*, Addison afterwards found the knight's favourite cordial less unpalatable, and liked it better than it seems he did at first.

† In 1709.

distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her ; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people : to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her ; “and truly,” says Sir Roger, “if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.”

His discourse was broken off by his man’s telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good : upon the fellow’s telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without farther ceremony.

We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist’s, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry’d out, “A brave man, I warrant him !” Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cry’d, “Sir Cloudsley Shovel ! a very gallant man.” As we stood before Busby’s tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner : “Dr. Busby ! a great man ; he whipped my grandfather ; a very great man ! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead : a very great man !”

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian’s elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco’s head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees ; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who

died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very impulsive into her name and family: and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb: upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head: and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since: "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger; "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

L.

AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

No. 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1711—12. [ADDISON.]

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*

HOR. Ars Poet. 327.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.

My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy * with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was 'The Committee,' † which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a

* "The Distrest Mother," by Addison's friend, Ambrose Phillips.

† "The Committee, or the Faithful Irishman," was written by Sir Robert Howard shortly after the Restoration. The play, with its two Cavalier colonels, was a great favourite with the Tory party.

good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks* should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hurt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, that "if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Stcenkirk.† Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old

* Wild roysterers who amused themselves at this date by knocking down watchmen, thrashing constables, breaking windows, molesting respectable people, and rolling women in tubs. "Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name," sings Gay in his *Trivia*.

† August 3, 1692. Here the English were defeated by the French.

friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footman in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after, as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she never would have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood?

Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time, "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L.

AT VAUXHALL.

No. 383. TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Criminibus debent hortos.—

Juv. Sat. i. 75.

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden,* in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being

* Then a favourite haunt of pleasure; now only known by the name of Vauxhall, or as it was called at that date, Faux-hall or Fox-hall.

mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man, that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue,* with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is

* By the brilliant victory of La Hogue, May 19, 1692, a threatened descent of the French upon England was prevented.

no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect ; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow."

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water ; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a-wenching at his years ; with a great deal of the like Thames-ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me, it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale !" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would

drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage ; and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to a waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy ; upon which I ratified the knight's command with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer strumpets.

L.

HIS DEATH.

No. 517. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides !—

VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith !

Undaunted worth ! Inviolable truth !

WE last night received a piece of ill-news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after

* Addison, according to Eustace Budgell, was so fond of this character, that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some one would catch up his pen the moment he dropped it), he said, with a certain warrath in his expression, of which he was not often guilty, "By G—, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him."

a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his own wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my readers a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

“HONOURED SIR,

“KNOWING that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his

mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tene-ment with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church ; for he was heard to say some time ago that, if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits ; the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He

has never joyed himself since ; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

“Honoured Sir,

“Your most sorrowful servant,

“EDWARD BISCUIT.

“P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.”

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. O.

II.

WILL HONEYCOMB.

No. 4. MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

———Egredii mortalem altique silenti?

HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 58.

One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me as much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have this time observed some part of the species to be; what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning; how utterly they are at a stand, until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals, who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it), that, upon the whole, I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and, without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one

breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentation ; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet ; the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the ancient sage, "I am never less alone than when alone."

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither, as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish ; and I did, the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, that strange fellow ; and another answer, I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you ; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was. There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no further trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by Mr. What-d'ye-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the high satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye ; and, having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus, my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me all the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing ; and flatter myself that I have looked into the

highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill-fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage ; but, from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb know, from the turn of their eyes and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them. I have indulged my silence to such an extravagance, that the few who are intimate with me answer my smiles with concurrent sentences, and argue to the very point I shook my head at, without my speaking. Will Honeycomb was very entertaining the other night at a play, to a gentleman who sat on his right hand, while I was at his left. The gentleman believed Will was talking to himself, when, upon my looking with great approbation at a young thing in a box before us, he said, "I am quite of another opinion. She has, I will allow, a very pleasing aspect ; but, methinks, that simplicity in her countenance is rather childish than innocent." When I observed her a second time, he said, "I grant her dress is very becoming ; but, perhaps, the merit of that choice is owing to her mother ; for though," continued he, "I allow a beauty to be as much to be commended for the elegance of her dress, as a wit for that of his language ; yet if she has stolen the colour of her ribands from another, or had advice about her trimmings, I shall not allow her the praise of dress, any more than I would call a plagiary an author." When I threw my eye towards the next woman to her, Will spoke what I looked, according to his romantic imagination, in the following manner :—

"Behold, you who dare, that charming virgin : behold the beauty of her person chastised by the innocence of her thoughts. Chastity, good nature, and affability are the graces that play in her countenance ; she knows she is handsome, but she knows

she is good. Conscious beauty, adorned with conscious virtue ! What a spirit is there in those eyes ! What a bloom in that person ! How is the whole woman expressed in her appearance ! Her air has the beauty of motion, and her look the force of language."

It was prudence to turn away my eyes from this object, and therefore I turned them to the thoughtless creatures who make up the lump of that sex, and move a knowing eye no more than the portraitures of insignificant people by ordinary painters, which are but pictures of pictures.

Thus, the working of my own mind is the general entertainment of my life : I never enter into the commerce of discourse with any but my particular friends, and not in public even with them. Such an habit has perhaps raised in me uncommon reflections ; but this effect I cannot communicate but by my writings. As my pleasures are almost wholly confined to those of the sight, I take it for a peculiar happiness that I have always had an easy and familiar admittance to the fair sex. If I never praised or flattered, I never belied or contradicted them. As these compose half the world, and are, by the just complaisance and gallantry of our nation, the more powerful part of our people, I shall dedicate a considerable share of these my speculations to their service ; and shall lead the young through all the becoming duties of virginity, marriage, and widowhood. When it is a woman's day, in my works, I shall endeavour at a style and air suitable to their understanding. When I say this, I must be understood to mean, that I shall not lower but exalt the subjects I treat upon. Discourse for their entertainment, is not to be debased, but refined. A man may appear learned, without talking sentences ; as in his ordinary gesture he discovers he can dance, though he does not cut capers. In a word, I shall take it for the greatest glory of my work, if among reasonable women this paper may furnish tea-table talk. In order to it, I shall treat on matters which relate to females, as they are concerned to approach or fly from the other sex, or as they are tied to them by blood, interest, or affection. Upon this occasion I think it but reasonable to declare, that, what-

ever skill I may have in speculation, I shall never betray what the eyes of lovers say to each other in my presence. At the same time I shall not think myself obliged by this promise to conceal any false protestations which I observe made by glances in public assemblies ; but endeavour to make both sexes appear in their conduct what they are in their hearts. By this means, love, during the time of my speculations, shall be carried on with the same sincerity as any other affair of less consideration. As this is the greatest concern, men shall be from henceforth liable to the greatest reproach for misbehaviour in it. Falsehood in love shall hereafter bear a blacker aspect than infidelity in friendship, or villainy in business. For this great and good end, all breaches against that noble passion, the cement of society, shall be severely examined. But this, and all other matters loosely hinted at now, and in my former papers, shall have their proper place in my following discourses. The pre-writing is only to admonish the world, that they shall not find me an idle but a very busy Spectator. R.

A PICT.

No. 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711. [STEELE.]

——Tu non inventa reperta es.

OVID: Met. i. 651.

So found, is worse than lost.

COMPASSION for the gentleman who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

“SIR,

“Supposing you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife, and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement, but what I have got from plays. I remember in the *Silent Woman*,* the learned Dr. Cutbeard or Dr. Otter (I forget which) makes one of the causes of separation to be *Error Personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know, Mr. Spectator, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

“Not to keep you in suspense, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eyebrows, by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed, countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know, by your means. I am,

“SIR,

“Your most obedient humble servant.”

I cannot tell what the law, or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much

* Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*; or, *the Silent Woman*. Cutbeard in the play is a barber, and Thomas Otter a land and sea captain.

justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect ; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad : the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance ; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature ; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something unpleasant ; but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted : they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.

Will Honeycomb told us one day an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will ; and made it her business to gain hearts, for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to ensnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation : but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed Will irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom ; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money

to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistress's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of Cowley :

“Th’ adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill ;
’Tis like the pois’ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.” *

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. Honeycomb seized all her gally-rots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but Lindamira who should be exempt from discovery ; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are part of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a beauty, as a woman of sense ; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the playhouse (when I have abolished this custom), to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, incog. in their own faces.

In the meantime, as a pattern for improving their charms,

* The Mistress. Stanzas to the “Waiting Maid.”

let the sex study the agreeable Statira. Her features are enlivened with the cheerfulness of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress ?

“ —Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.”

ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased), who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of mynheer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N.B.—She is also well skilled in the drapery-part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribands so as to suit the colour of the face, with great art and success.

R.

AN ABSENT MAN.

No. 77. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1711. [BUDGELL.]

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam propè tam proculque nobis.
MART. Epig. i. 87.

What correspondence can I hold with you,
Who are so near, and yet so distant too ?

My friend Will Honeycomb is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call *à reveur* and *à distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset Garden, where Will had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent virtuoso. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which Will knowing to be my

usual method of asking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when to my great surprise I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk, reflecting on these little absences and distractions of mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. Dryden has translated in the following lines:

“Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”*

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a man who is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more unnatural than the thoughts

* “Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ.”—Seneca: *De Tranquill. Anim.* cap. xv.

and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid: and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it, was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of anything. I can at present observe those starts of good sense, and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for, though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereas Will Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying a hundred things, which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal-à-propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to get into a coffee-house where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors whom he had gathered around him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that, keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus:—"Why now, there's my friend (mentioning me by name), he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about

'Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit." If he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, "Out of sight out of mind," I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an absent man* with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

"Menalcas," says that excellent author, "comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and, examining himself farther, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and, walking bolt upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a-laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which, taking for his own, he whips into it, and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in; Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again.

* Caractères. Chap. xi. De l'Homme. Menalcas has been identified with the Comte de Brocas, brother of the Duc de Villars.

The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed ; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly undeceived.

“When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water : it is his turn to throw ; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other ; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle ; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and, upon opening it, reads as follows : ‘I would have you, honest Jack, immediately on the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.’ His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, ‘My lord, I received your grace’s commands, with an entire submission to—.’ If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying around his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for everything that he is not ; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing ; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary ; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth on it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor anything else. He came once from his country house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse ; he did so, and coming home, told his friends he had been robbed ; they desired to know the particulars. ‘Ask my servants,’ says Menalcas ‘for they were with me.’”

X.

ON PEDANTRY.

No. 105. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1711. [ADDISON.]

———Id arbitror

Adprime in vita esse utile, NE QUID NIMIS.

TER. Andr. Act 1, Sce. 1.

I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much
addicted to one thing.

Too much of any thing, is good for nothing.

My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth ; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education ; and fancies he should never have been the man he is had he not broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind ; and terms this knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. Will ingeniously confesses that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night ; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kind of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher.

For these reasons Will shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our club, however, has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as Will often insults us with the knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he writ in his youth to a coquette lady. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town ; but very

unluckily several of the words were wrong spelt. Will laughed this off at first as well as he could ; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman and not like a scholar. Upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of showing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants ; which he carried so far that, upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon the subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But methinks we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town ? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court ? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame ; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of *ombre*.* When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants ? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant who always talks in a camp, and in storming towns, making lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder ; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I

* A game of cards generally played by three persons, to each of whom nine cards were dealt. It was so called from the Spanish, the person who undertook to stand the game saying, "Yo soy l'hombre," "I am the man."

might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette* you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the commonwealth of letters, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

L.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

No. 151. THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1711. [STEELE.]

Maximas virtutes jacere omnes necesse est voluptate dominante.

TULL. de Fin.

Where pleasure prevails, all the greatest virtues will lose their power.

I KNOW no one character that gives reason a greater shock, at the same time that it presents a good ridiculous image to the imagination, than that of a man of wit and pleasure about the town. This description of a man of fashion, spoken by some with a mixture of scorn and ridicule, by others with great gravity as a laudable distinction, is in everybody's mouth that spends any time in conversation. My friend Will Honeycomb has this expression very frequently; and I never could understand by the story which follows, upon his mention of such a one, but that this man of wit and pleasure was either a drunkard too old for wenching, or a young lewd fellow with some liveliness, who would converse with you, receive kind offices of you, and at the same time debauch your sister, or lie with your wife. According to his description a man of wit, when he could have wenches for crowns a-piece, which he liked quite as well, would be so extravagant as to bribe servants, make false friendships, fight relations: I say, according to him, plain and simple vice was too little for a man of wit and pleasure; but he would leave an easy and accessible wickedness to come at the same thing with only the addition of certain falsehood and possible murder. Will thinks the town grown very dull, in that we do not hear so much as we used to do of these coxcombs, whom (without observing it) he describes as the most infamous rogues in nature, with relation to friendship, love, or conversation.

When pleasure is made the chief pursuit of life, it will necessarily follow that such monsters as these will arise, from a constant application to such blandishments as naturally root out the force of reason and reflection, and substitute in their place a general impatience of thought, and a constant pruriency of inordinate desire.

Pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself ; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish with a disrelish of everything else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless woman without truth, and there is no man living whose being is such a weight or vexation as his is. He is an utter stranger to the pleasing reflections in the evening of a well-spent day, or the gladness of heart or quickness of spirit in the morning after profound sleep or indolent slumbers. He is not to be at ease any longer than he can keep reason and good sense without his curtains ; otherwise he will be haunted with the reflection, that he could not believe such a one the woman that upon trial he found her. What has he got by his conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a day or two before he had the highest honour ? and of himself, for perhaps wronging the man whom of all men living he himself would least willingly have injured ?

Pleasure seizes the whole man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him leisure for any good office in life which contradicts the gaiety of the present hour. You may indeed observe in people of pleasure a certain complacency and absence of all severity, which the habit of a loose unconcerned life gives them : but tell the man of pleasure your secret wants, cares, or sorrows, and you will find he has given up the delicacy of his passions to the cravings of his appetites. He little knows the perfect joy he loses for the disappointing gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches and comes to him with the recommendation of warm wishes, gay looks, and graceful motion ; but he does not observe how she leaves his presence with disorder, impotence, down-cast shame, and conscious imperfection. She makes our youth inglorious, our age shameful.

Will Honeycomb gives us twenty intimations in an evening of several hags whose bloom was given up to his arms ; and

would raise a value to himself for having had, as the phrase is, "very good women." Will's good women are the comfort of his heart, and support him, I warrant, by the memory of past interviews with persons of their condition. No, there is not in the world an occasion wherein vice makes so fantastical a figure, as at the meeting of two old people who have been partners in unwarrantable pleasure. To tell a toothless old lady that she once had a good set, or a defunct wench that he once was the admired thing of the town, are satires instead of applauses; but, on the other side, consider the old age of those who have passed their days in labour, industry, and virtue, their decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human society that their make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to any man of wit and pleasure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the person who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and husband, and entails poverty on his unhappy descendants. Mortgages, diseases, and settlements, are the legacies a man of wit and pleasure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues that make such lamentable speeches after every sessions at Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleasure before they fell into the adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and procrastination in all a man's affairs, are the natural effects of being addicted to pleasure. Dishonour to the gentleman and bankruptcy to the trader are the portion of either whose chief purpose of life is delight. The chief cause that this pursuit has been in all ages received with so much quarter from the soberer part of mankind has been, that some men of great talents have sacrificed themselves to it. The shining qualities of such people have given a beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madness. For let any man who knows what it is to have passed much time in a series of jollity, mirth, wit, or humorous entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one instant sharp to some man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to

some one it was cruelty to treat with such freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a time, unmercifully calumnious at such a time; and, from the whole course of his applauded satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumstance which can add to the enjoyment of his own mind alone, **or which he would put** his character upon with other men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of mankind who pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it! The scene then is wild to an extravagance: this is, as if fools should mimic madmen. Pleasure of this kind is the intemperate meals and loud jollities of the common rate of country gentlemen, whose practice and way of enjoyment is to put an end as fast as they can to that little particle of reason they have when they are sober. These men of wit and pleasure despatch their senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. **T.**

A WOMAN'S MAN.

No. 156. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1711. [STEELE.]

—Sed tu simul obligasti
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo—

HOR. 2 Od. viii. 3.

—But thou,
When once thou hast broke some tender vow,
All perjur'd, dost more charming grow!

I do not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning favourites among the women from time to time about this town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he would be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment

when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing. The woman's man is a person in his air and behaviour quite different from the rest of our species. His garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent; that is to say, in both cases there is an apparent endeavour to appear unconcerned and careless. In catching birds the fowlers have a method of imitating their voices to bring them to the snare; and your women's men have always a similitude of the creature they hope to betray, in their own conversation. A woman's man is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another, has pretty little officiousnesses, is not at a loss what is good for a cold, and it is not amiss if he has a bottle of spirits in his pocket in case of any sudden indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing passion, and indeed the sole entertainment of my life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the course of intrigues as well as the manners and accomplishments of such as have been most successful in that way. In all my observation, I never knew a man of good understanding a general favourite; some singularity in his behaviour, some whim in his way of life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the men, has recommended him to the other sex. I should be very sorry to offend a people so fortunate as those of whom I am speaking; but let any one look over the old beaux, and he will find the man of success was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their sakes, for dressing unlike the rest of the world, or passing his days in an insipid assiduity about the fair sex to gain the figure he made amongst them. Add to this that he must have the reputation of being well with other women, to please any one woman of gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty ambition among the light part of the sex to gain slaves from the dominion of others. My friend Will Honeycomb says it was a common bite with him, to lay suspicions that he was favoured by a lady's enemy, that is, some rival beauty, to be well with herself. A little spite is natural to a great beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable fellow lest another

should have him. That impudent toad Bareface fares well among all the ladies he converses with, for no other reason in the world but that he has the skill to keep them from explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her heart, each would declare her scorn of him the next moment ; but he is well received by them because it is the fashion, and opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest grace is, that the pleasant thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant creature living, has a wonderful deal of wit and humour, and never wants something to say ; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous tongue if you should provoke him.

To make a woman's man, he must not be a man of sense or a fool ; the business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a faculty of arguing, than a capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the woman's equipage are your regular visitants ; these are volunteers in their service, without hopes of pay or preferment. It is enough that they can lead out from a public place, that they are admitted on a public day, and can be allowed to pass away part of that heavy load, their time, in the company of the fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your ruiners of ladies ; these are the choicest spirits which our age produces. We have several of these irresistible gentlemen among us when the company is in town. These fellows are accomplished with the knowledge of the ordinary occurrences about court and town, have that sort of good breeding which is exclusive of all morality, and consists only in being publicly decent, privately dissolute.

It is wonderful how far a fond opinion of herself can carry a woman, to make her have the least regard to a professed known woman's man ; but as scarce one of all the women who are in the tour of gallantries ever hears anything of what is the common sense of sober minds, but are entertained with a continual round of flatteries, they cannot be mistresses of themselves enough to make arguments for their own conduct from

the behaviour of these men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general fame for falsehood in this kind is a recommendation; and the coxcomb, loaded with the favours of many others, is received like a victor that disdains his trophies, to be a victim to the present charmer.

If you see a man more full of gesture than ordinary in a public assembly, if loud upon no occasion, if negligent of the company around him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a fair one. The woman's man expresses himself wholly in that motion which we call strutting. An elevated chest, a pinched hat, a measurable step, and a sly surveying eye, are the marks of him. Now and then you see a gentleman with all these accomplishments; but, alas! any one of them is enough to undo thousands. When a gentleman with such perfections adds to it suitable learning, there should be public warning of his residence in town, that we may remove our wives and daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine man has read all the miscellany poems, a few of our comedies, and has the translation of Ovid's *Epistles* by heart. "Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the women will share such a dear false man: a little gallantry to hear him talk one would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the sticks of one's fan, say something of the cupids in it; and then call one so many soft names which a man of his learning has at his fingers-ends. There sure is some excuse for frailty, when attacked by force against a weak woman." Such is the soliloquy of many a lady one might name, at the sight of one of these who makes it no iniquity to go on from day to day in the sin of women-slaughter.

It is certain that people are got into a way of affectation, with a manner of overlooking the most solid virtues, and admiring the most trivial excellences. The woman is so far from expecting to be censured for being a very injudicious silly animal, that while she can preserve her features and her mien, she knows that she is still the object of desire; and there

is a sort of a secret ambition, from reading frivolous books, and keeping as frivolous company, each side to be amiable in imperfection, and arrive at the characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair.

T.

THE HEAD-DRESS.

No. 265. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis ? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ ?

OVID. de Art. Am. iii. 7.

But some exclaim ; What frenzy rules your mind ?
Would you increase the craft of womankind ?
Teach them new wiles and arts ? As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers conformably to this definition ; and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding ; whereas, when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.*

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress ; whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species ; so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon

* The commode was also called a "head" or a "top knot," and was made of rows of plaited muslin or lace stiffened with wire one over the other, diminishing as they rose. It altered very much according to the caprice of fashion.

themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of riband, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodos. But our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to anything else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, "that if you light the fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself."

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of a little cluster of women sitting together in the prettiest coloured hoods that I ever saw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this little party-coloured assembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at first whether it might not be an embassy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and saw so much beauty in every face that I found them all to be English. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from observing any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could easily perceive, by that unspeakable satisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on those pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this fashion spreads daily, insomuch that

the Whig and Tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to show their principles in their head-dress. Nay, if I may believe my friend Will Honeycomb, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance, who intends to appear very suddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not questioning but that among such a variety of colours she shall have a charm for every heart.

My friend Will, who very much values himself upon his great insights into gallantry, tells me, that he can already guess at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the disposition of their present emperor by the colour of the dress which he puts on. When Melesinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is set upon execution : when she covers it with purple, I would not, says he, advise her lover to approach her ; but if she appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of her box with safety.

Will informs me likewise, that these hoods may be used as signals. Why else, says he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her husband is gone into the country ?

Such are my friend Honeycomb's dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diversity of colours in the hoods to the diversity of complexion in the faces of my pretty country-women. Ovid, in his Art of Love, has given some precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from those which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red striped silk to the pale complexion ; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend Will, who pretends to be a greater master in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the palest features look the most agreeable in white sarsnet ; that a face which is over flushed appears to advantage in the deepest scarlet ; and that the darkest complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In short, he is for losing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the sun. " This," says he, " your Ovid himself has hinted, where he treats of these matters, when he tells us that the blue water-nymphs are dressed in sky-coloured garments ; and that Aurora, who

always appears in the light of the rising sun, is robed in saffron."

Whether these his observations are justly grounded, I cannot tell ; but I have often known him, as we have stood together behind the ladies, praise or dispraise the complexion of a face which he never saw, from observing the colour of her hood, and he has been very seldom out in these his guesses.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair sex,* I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the British ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good sense, as they do in beauty ; which they may certainly do, if they will be as industrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies. In the mean while, I shall recommend to their most serious consideration the saying of an old Greek poet :

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τροπος, καὶ χρυσία.†

C.

FORTUNE HUNTERS.

No. 311. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

*Nec Veneris pharetris macer est ; aut lampade fervet :
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 137

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour :
Who would not do as much for such a dower ?

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows amongst us, who commonly go by the name of fortune-stealers. You must know, sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that lie in wait, day and night, for our children,

* "I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him 'fair-sex' it to the world's end."—Swift's Works, vol. xxiii. p. 158.

† Manners and not dress are the ornaments of women.

and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know, sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred ; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own ; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink for this twelvemonth last past, and do not suffer a bandbox to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wits end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago, some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good ; not to mention a tall Irishman that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately despatched a hue and cry after her to the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her ; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond.* I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their

* A pond, now filled up, but once in St. James's Park. It was a favourite spot for assignations.

fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion, is but a kind of a tolerated robbery ; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner by going to bed with his child. Dear sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

"I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"TIM WATCHWELL." *

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied that he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself ; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly

* This letter was written, it is said, by John Hurd.

informed there are several female undertakers about the 'Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming at the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together ; and taken his stand in a side-box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling ; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill-success, Will with his usual gaiety tells us that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town, of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relics. Hudibras's Cupid, who

—"took his stand
Upon a widow's * jointure land,"

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct ; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to nobody but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and

* The name of the widow here alluded to was Tomson. See Grey's edit. of Hudibras, vol. i. part i. canto iii. pp. 212, 213.

experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice ; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend.

L.

LOOKING GLASSES.

No. 325. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1711-12. [BUDGEELL.]

—Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas ?
 Quod petis, est nusquam : quod amas avertere, perdes.
 Ista repercussæ quam cernis imaginis umbra est,
 Nil habet ista sui ; tecum venitque, manetque,
 Tecum discedit si tu discedere possis.

OVID. Met. iii. 432.

What could, fond youth, his helpless passion move ?
 What kindled in thee this unpitied love ?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows ;
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes ;
 Its empty being on thyself relies ;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

WILL HONEYCOMB diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him ; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal ; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who

found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of recovering it ; but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that, if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass ; on which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire at his choice.

Will, fancying that his story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses ; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the time of the Greeks and Romans ; for that he had often observed, in the translation of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. “Nay,” says he, “I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a swinging fellow, called Polypheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.”

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, farther informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them ; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before :

“SIR,

“I have read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this

letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

“Your humble servant,

“R. T.”

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem : *

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence hither brought, and how,
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as the expanse of heav'n ; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me ; I started back ;
It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me : “What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces ; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.” What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?

* Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 294.

Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain ; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image : back I turn'd ;
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, " Return fair Eve ;
 Whom fly'st thou ? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
 Henceforth an individual solace dear :
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half ! "—With that thy gentle hand
 Seiz'd mine ; I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spake our general mother—

X.

ON SINCERITY.

No. 352. MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1712. [STEELE.]

—Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.

TULL.

If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

WILL HONEYCOMB was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. "Men," said he, "grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before." If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth ; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile.

My friend adds, that till about the latter end of King Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of everything that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem ; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty ; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point ; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority * for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

"Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better : for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to ? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

* Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, vol. ii., Sermon I.

“It is hard to personate and act a part long ; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody’s satisfaction ; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world : it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it ; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them ; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

“Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is alway near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man’s invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger ; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

“Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain-beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey’s end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be a falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

“And I have often thought, that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect: they cannot see so far as to the remote consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid his truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

“Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured

it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last." T.

HIS LOVE PASSAGES.

No. 359. TUESDAY, APRIL 22, 1712. [BUDGELL.]

*Torva læna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.*

VIRG. Ecl. ii. 63.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, knight," said he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbad me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in con-

fusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

“I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

“After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts ; but I don’t know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter’s consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

“I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England ; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.”

As Will’s transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold : and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam’s speeches to Eve after the fall :—

—“ Oh ! why did our
Creator wise ! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befall’n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex : for either
He never shall find out fit mate ; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness ; but shall see her gain’d
By a far worse : or if she love, withheld

By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame :
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound." *

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention ; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

X.

THE TEMPLE CLOISTER.

No. 410. FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1712. [TICKELL.]

— Dum foris sunt, nihil videtur mundius,
 Nec magis compositum quidquam, nec magis elegans :
 Que, cum anat re suo cùm cenant, liguriunt.
 Harum videre ingluviem, sordes, inopiam :
 Quàm inhoneste sole sint domi, atque avidæ cibi,
 Quo pacto ex jure hesterno panem atrum vorent :
 Nôsse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis.

TER. Eun. Act v. Sc. 4.

When they are abroad, nothing so clean, and nicely dressed ; and when at supper with a gallant, they do but pick the choicest bits : but to see their nastiness and poverty at home, their gluttony, and how they devour black crusts dipped in yesterday's broth, is a perfect antidote against gallantry.

WILL HONEYCOMB, who disguises his present decay by visiting the wenches of the town only by way of humour, told us, that the last rainy night he, with Sir Roger de Coverley, was driven into the Temple cloister, whither had escaped also a lady most exactly dressed from head to foot. Will made no scruple to acquaint us, that she saluted him very familiarly by his name, and, turning immediately to the knight, she said, she supposed that was his good friend Sir Roger de Coverley : upon which nothing less could follow than Sir Roger's approach to salutation, with " Madam, the same, at your service." She was dressed in a black tabby mantua and petticoat, without ribands, her linen striped muslin, and in the whole in an agreeable second

mourning ; decent dresses being often affected by the creatures of the town, at once consulting cheapness and the pretension to modesty. She went on with a familiar easy air, "Your friend, Mr. Honeycomb, is a little surprised to see a woman here alone and unattended ; but I dismissed my coach at the gate, and tripped it down to my counsel's chambers ; for lawyers' fees take up too much of a small disputed jointure to admit any other expenses but mere necessities." Mr. Honeycomb begged they might have the honour of setting her down, for Sir Roger's servant was gone to call a coach. In the interim the footman returned, with no coach to be had ; and there appeared nothing to be done but trusting herself with Mr. Honeycomb and his friend, to wait at the tavern at the gate for a coach, or to be subjected to all the impertinence she must meet with in that public place. Mr. Honeycomb being a man of honour, determined the choice of the first, and Sir Roger, as the better man, took the lady by the hand, leading her through all the shower, covering her with his hat, and gallanting a familiar acquaintance through rows of young fellows, who winked at Sukey in the state she marched off, Will Honeycomb bringing up the rear.

Much importunity prevailed upon the fair one to admit of a collation, where, after declaring she had no stomach, and eaten a couple of chickens, devoured a truss of sallet, and drunk a full bottle to her share, she sung the Old Man's Wish to Sir Roger. The knight left the room for some time after supper, and writ the following billet, which he conveyed to Sukey, and Sukey to her friend Will Honeycomb. Will has given it to Sir Andrew Freeport, who read it last night to the club.

"I am not so mere a country gentleman, but I can guess at the law-business you had at the Temple. If you would go down to the country, and leave off all your vanities, but your singing, let me know at my lodgings in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and you shall be encouraged by

"Your humble servant,

"ROGER DE COVERLEY."

My good friend could not well stand the railery which was rising upon him ; but to put a stop to it, I delivered Will Honeycomb the following letter, and desired him to read it to the board :—

“MR. SPECTATOR,

Having seen a translation of one of the chapters in the Canticles into English verse inserted among your late papers, I have ventured to send you the seventh chapter of the Proverbs, in a poetical dress. If you think it worthy appearing among your speculations, it will be a sufficient reward for the trouble of

“Your constant reader,
“A. B.”

“My son, th’ instruction that my words impart,
Grave on the living tablet of thy heart ;
And all the wholesome precepts that I give,
Observe with strictest reverence, and live.

“Let all thy homage be to Wisdom paid,
Seek her protection and implore her aid ;
That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,
And turn thy footsteps from the harlot’s door ;
Who with curs’d charms lures the unwary in,
And soothes with flattery their souls to sin.

“Once from my window as I cast mine eye
On those that passed in giddy numbers by,
A youth among the foolish youths I spy’d,
Who took not sacred Wisdom for his guide.

“Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,
And evening soft led on the shades of night,
He stole in covert twilight to his fate,
And passed the corner near the harlot’s gate !
When, lo, a woman comes !—

Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,
As aptly did the harlot’s mind express :
Subtle she is, and practis’d in the arts
By which the wanton conquer heedless hearts :
Stubborn and loud she is ; she hates her home ;
Varying her place and form, she loves to roam :
Now she’s within, now in the street does stray,
Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey
The youth she seiz’d ; and, laying now aside
All modesty, the female’s justest pride,
She said with an embrace, ‘ Here at my house
Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.

I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,
 And, lo ! in happy hour, I find thee here.
 My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed
 Are cov'rings of the richest tap'stry spread ;
 With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,
 And carvings by the curious artist wrought
 It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields
 In all her citron groves, and spicy fields ;
 Here all her store of richest odours meets,
 I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets :
 Whatever to the sense can grateful be
 I have collected there—I want but thee.
 My husband's gone a journey far away,
 Much gold he took abroad, and long will stay,
 He named for his return a distant day.'

" Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,
 And from her lips such welcome flatt'ry fell,
 Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,
 Resign'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.
 Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,
 And thus is senseless of the impending blow.
 Thus flies the simple bird into the snare
 That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.
 But let my sons attend. Attend may they
 Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray :
 Let them false charmers fly, and guard their hearts
 Against the wily wanton's pleasing arts ;
 With care direct their steps, nor turn astray
 To tread the paths of her deceitful way ;
 Lest they too late of her fell power complain,
 And fall, where many mightier have been slain."

T.

ADVICE.

No. 475. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1712. [ADDISON.]

—*Quoniam res in se neque consilium neque modum
 Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.*

TER. Eun. Act i. Sc. 1.

The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, counsel cannot rule.

It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only

as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but, being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her, with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless—Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice, before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake, she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take, I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidante, that she hopes to be married in a little time ; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year. It is very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will often ask a friend's advice

in relation to a fortune which they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me, in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question ; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match, which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice ; but as I would not lose her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Now, Sir, the thing is this ; Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I don't know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings ! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. Shapely has no estate ; but how can he help that, you know ? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate ; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate ; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man ; and I am obliged to him for his civilities

ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But everybody I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“B. D.

“He loves your Spectators mightily.” C.

MARRIAGE.

No. 490. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1712. [STEELE.]

—Domus et placens

Uxor.—

HOR. 2 Od. xiv. 21.

Thy house and pleasing wife.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day, has consented in an error. But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men of genius for pleasure have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason is but a step towards madness and folly. But is the sense of joy, and accomplishment of desire, no way to be indulged or attained? And have we appetites given us to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly. Marriage is an institution calculated

for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus preserved (as I have often said), the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, "If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there : that very sorrow quickens her affection."

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskilful eyes see nothing of it ; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an alloy in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, and have been married these two years : yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things, you are still put to a sort of cross purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear ; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, "That is, my dear, so pretty." This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes ; where, while honest Sancho Panca is putting some necessary humble ques-

tion concerning Rosinante, his supper, or his lodging, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictammas and Moria are ever squabbling ; and you may observe them, all the time they are in company, in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance, Dictammas and Moria wait your absence, that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life, arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way ; and, instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But, above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial,* in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room, in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion we owe the following epigram, which I showed my friend Will Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

“ When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid ;
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd ;

* Lib. iv. ep. 22.

To my fond eyes, she all transparent stood :
 She blush'd ; I smil'd at the slight covering flood.
 Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows ;
 Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
 I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
 Kisses I snatch'd—the waves prevented more."

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word consort ; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship ; and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take its place between two married persons.

" Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
 When all three kinds of love together meet,
 And do dispart the heart with power extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance down : to wit,
 The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of love to womankind,
 Or zeal of friends, combin'd by virtues meet :
 But, of them all, the band of virtuous mind,
 Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

" For natural affection soon doth cease,
 And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame ;
 But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with mastering discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
 For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
 And all the service of the body frame ;
 So love of soul doth love of body pass,
 No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass."

WRITES TO THE SPECTATOR.

No. 499. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1712. [ADDISON.]

—Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges—

PERS. Sat. i. 40.

—You drive the jest too far.

MY friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

“DEAR SPEC,

“I was about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the Emperor Conrade the Third had besieged Guelphus, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears; and, after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

“The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that

the men of any town in Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have laden themselves with their wives ; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them ? To this my very good friend, Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving. There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following dream.

“ I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young

fellow upon her back : I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when to my great surprise I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till upon her setting him down I heard her call him dear pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her : and the fifth a Bolonia lap-dog ; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold : she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long ; and that to show her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

"It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women having a husband, who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm ; but finding herself so overladen that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

"I cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a

dozen women employed in bringing off one man ; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

“DEAR SPEC,
 “Thine sleeping and waking,
 “WILL HONEYCOMB.”

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot however dismiss his letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that, in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

O.

HIS SECOND LETTER.

No. 511. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Quis non invenit turbâ quod ameret illâ ?

OID. Art. Am. i. 175.

—Who could fail to find,
 In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind ?

“DEAR SPEC,

“FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knowest all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject ; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by

chance in an English book, called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit's window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves. Every woman was given to the highest bidder ; and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of these married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, Spec, it happened in Persia, as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly women as beauties or agreeables ; so that, by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for was disposed of among the ugly ; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune ; the greatest portion being alway given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

“What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain : thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with cobblers and carmen, or describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shopkeepers' and farmers' daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid, that as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in

Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity ; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

“I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do ‘unsight unseen.’ The book mentions a merchant in particular, who, observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a halfway bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase : upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it ; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

“I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The

first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pound. Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market: and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound a head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the raileries of one who is their own admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

“Thine,

“HONEYCOMB.”

O.

A CONVERTED RAKE.

No. 530. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Sic visum Veneri ; cui placet impares
 Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
 Sævo mittere cum joco.

HOR. 1 Od. xxxiii. 10.

Thus Venus sports : the rich, the base,
 Unlike in fortune and in face,
 To disagreeing love provokes ;
 When cruelly jocose,
 She ties the fatal noose,
 And binds the unequals to the brazen yokes.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such a one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's *Old Bachelor** is set forth to us with much wit and humour as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter ; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The *Templar* is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid : but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed "Dear Spec," which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into "My worthy

* Heartwell in the play of the *Old Bachelor*.

Friend," and described himself in the latter end at full length William Honeycomb. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

"MY WORTHY FRIEND,

"I question not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such a one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the

more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces ; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of 'The Marriage-hater Matched ;' but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up that I did not think my post of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs which entirely destroyed the jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish that you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as

"Your most sincere friend, and humble servant,
"WILLIAM HONEYCOMB."

O.

TO

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, ESQ.*

THE seven former volumes of the *Spectator* having been dedicated to some of the most celebrated persons of the age, I take leave to inscribe this eighth and last to you, as to a gentleman who hath ever been ambitious of appearing in the best company.

* This Dedication to Addison's supplementary *Spectator*, begun a year and a half after the close of Steele's [June 18, 1714], is thought to be by Eustace Budgell.

You are now wholly retired from the busy part of mankind, and at leisure to reflect upon your past achievements ; for which reason I look upon you as a person very well qualified for a dedication.

I may possibly disappoint my readers, and yourself too, if I do not endeavour on this occasion to make the world acquainted with your virtues. And here, sir, I shall not compliment you upon your birth, person, or fortune ; nor any other the like perfections, which you possess whether you will or no : but shall only touch upon those which are of your own acquiring, and in which everyone must allow you have a real merit.

Your jaunty air and easy motion, the volubility of your discourse, the suddenness of your laugh, the management of your snuff-box, with the whiteness of your hands and teeth (which have justly gained you the envy of the most polite part of the male world, and the love of the greatest beauties in the female), are entirely to be ascribed to your own personal genius and application.

You are formed for these accomplishments by a happy turn of nature, and have finished yourself in them by the utmost improvements of art. A man that is defective in either of these qualifications (whatever may be the secret ambition of his heart) must never hope to make the figure you have done among the fashionable part of his species. It is therefore no wonder we see such multitudes of aspiring young men fall short of you in all these beauties of your character, notwithstanding the study and practice of them is the whole business of their lives. But I need not tell you that the free and disengaged behaviour of a fine gentleman makes as many awkward beaux, as the easiness of your favourite *Waller* has made insipid poets.

At present you are content to aim all your charms at your own spouse, without further thought of mischief to any others of the sex. I know you had formerly a very great contempt for that pedantic race of mortals who call themselves philosophers ; and yet, to your honour be it spoken, there is not a sage of them all could have better acted up to their precepts in one

of the most important points of life : I mean in that generous disregard of popular opinion, which you showed some years ago, when you chose for your wife an obscure young woman, who doth not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has certainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land, if she could but reckon up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes of you from the moment that you confessed your age, and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck so many years) very ingeniously stepped into your grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly informed, you make a regular appearance every quarter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum ; and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a colonel of the militia. I am told that your time passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a country life as it ever did in the gallantries of the town : and that you now take as much pleasure in the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I must take the privilege of an author in saying something of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add, that I have purposely omitted setting those marks to the end of every paper which appeared in my former volumes, that you may have an opportunity of showing Mrs. Honeycomb the shrewdness of your conjectures by ascribing every speculation to its proper author : though you know how often many profound critics in style and sentiments have very judiciously erred in this particular before they were let into the secret.

I am, Sir,
Your most faithful humble servant,
THE SPECTATOR.

[June 18, 1714.]

III.

SIR ANDREW FREEPORT.

ON DEBT.

No. 82. MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1711. [STEELE.]

—Caput domina venale sub hasta.

Juv. Sat. iii. 33.

His fortunes ruin'd and himself a slave.

PASSING under Ludgate* the other day I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half-a-crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagances imaginable; was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to

* Ludgate was a prison for such debtors as were freemen of the City of London; it was taken down in the year 1762, and the prisoners removed to the London workhouse. It was the custom of certain of the prisoners to stand at the window grating, rattling a box, and to cry out to the passers by, "Pray remember the poor debtors!"

languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expense: and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a week. My steward brings his receipt ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs, and stockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

“Where, with like haste thro’ different ways they run;
Some to undo, and some to be undone;”*

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of Denham, I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor’s honour, liberty, and fortune: one would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, “That he is unjust,” without defamation; and can seize his person without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men’s minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to in-

* From the poem of “Cooper’s Hill,” by Sir John Denham.

crease the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like: but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal; and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him: and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young: and the boy is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has outrun half his estate, and leave the same incumbrance upon his first-born, and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present; no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it

is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. Jack has a whorish unresisting good-nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in anything. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school, he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember, when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed "A bolus or an electuary for Mr. Truepenny." Jack had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I heard Jack make to one of his creditors (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

"Sir, your ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life: I shall hereafter trust no man so far as to be in his debt."

R.

CLASS PREJUDICES.

No. 174. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1711. [STEELE.]

*Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.*VIRGIL, *Ecl.* vii. 69.

The whole debate in memory I retain,

When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.

THERE is scarce any thing more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement : this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety : and this is always the case of the landed and trading interest of Great Britain : the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader : and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing, that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise : that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world ; and as gain is the chief end of such people, they never pursue any other : the means to it are never regarded : they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly ; but if not, they will not scruple to obtain it by fraud or cozenage : and, indeed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to over-reach him who trusts to his memory ? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books and watching over his expenses ? And at best, let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentle-

man's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours !

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness ; and on the other side, he, who is the less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature ; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour ; or to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way, in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew : "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit ; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers. he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue ; but it would be worth while to consider, whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged ? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me, more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his

men ; but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders ; the Romans were their professed enemies : I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands : we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion from an old proverb, to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him that "he has not kept true accounts." This phrase, perhaps among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking ; but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gayer nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, 'that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure ; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard ; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufacture there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out

and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money ; and, besides all these expenses, a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill ? What has the merchant done, that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger ? He throws down no man's inclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn ; he takes nothing from the industrious labourer ; he pays the poor man for his work ; he communicates his profit with mankind ; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman ; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents ; and yet it is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

“ This is the economy of the merchants ; and the conduct of the gentleman must be the same, unless, by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentleman, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, and the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns ; and if beforehand he had computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs ; he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel ; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such too had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day, that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade ; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverleys, or to claim his descent from the maid of honour. But it is very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. It is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make

way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better, who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence." T.

ON MENDICITY.

No. 232. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1711. [MARTYN.*]

Nihil largiundo gloriam adeptus est.

SALLUST. *Bel. Cat.*

By bestowing nothing he acquired glory.

MY wise and good friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, divides himself almost equally between the town and the country. His time in town is given up to the public, and the management of his private fortune; and after every three or four days spent in this manner, he retires for as many to his seat within a few miles of the town, to the enjoyment of himself, his family, and his friend. Thus business and pleasure, or rather, in Sir Andrew, labour and rest, recommend each other. They take their turns with so quick a vicissitude, that neither becomes a habit, or takes possession of the whole man; nor is it possible he should be surfeited with either. I often see him at our club in good humour, and yet sometimes, too, with an air of care in his looks: but in his country retreat he is always unbent, and such a companion as I could desire; and therefore I seldom fail to make one with him when he is pleased to invite me.

The other day, as soon as we were got into his chariot, two or three beggars on each side hung upon the doors, and solicited our charity with the usual rhetoric of a sick wife or husband at home, three or four helpless little children, all starving with cold and hunger. We were forced to part with

* Or John Hughes.

some money to get rid of their importunity; and then we proceeded on our journey, with the blessings and acclamations of these people.

“Well then,” says Sir Andrew, “we go off with the prayers and good wishes of the beggars, and perhaps too our healths will be drunk at the next alehouse: so all we shall be able to value ourselves upon is, that we have promoted the trade of the victualler and the excises of the government. But how few ounces of wool do we see upon the backs of those poor creatures? And when they shall next fall in our way, they will hardly be better dressed; they must always live in rags to look like objects of compassion. If their families, too, are such as they are represented, ’tis certain they cannot be better clothed, and must be a great deal worse fed. One would think potatoes should be all their bread, and their drink the pure element; and then what goodly customers are the farmers like to have for their wool, corn, and cattle? Such customers and such a consumption cannot choose but advance the landed interests, and hold up the rents of the gentlemen.

“But of all men living, we merchants, who live by buying and selling, ought never to encourage beggars. The goods which we export are indeed the products of the land, but much the greatest part of their value is the labour of the people: but how much of these people’s labour shall we export whilst we hire them to sit still? The very alms they receive from us are the wages of idleness. I have often thought that no man should be permitted to take relief from the parish, or to ask it in the street, till he has first purchased as much as possible of his own livelihood by the labour of his own hands; and then the public ought only to be taxed to make good the deficiency. If this rule was strictly observed, we should see everywhere such a multitude of new labourers, as would, in all probability, reduce the prices of all our manufactures. It is the very life of merchandise to buy cheap and sell dear. The merchant ought to make his out-set as cheap as possible, that he may find the greater profit upon his returns; and nothing will enable him to do this like the reduction of the price of labour upon

all our manufactures. This, too, would be the ready way to increase the number of our foreign markets. The abatement of the price of the manufacture would pay for the carriage of it to more distant countries; and this consequence would be equally beneficial both to the landed and trading interests. As so great an addition of labouring hands would produce this happy consequence both to the merchant and the gentleman, our liberality to common beggars, and every other obstruction to the increase of labourers, must be equally pernicious to both."

Sir Andrew then went on to affirm, that the reduction of the prices of our manufactures by the addition of so many new hands, would be no inconvenience to any man; but observing I was something startled at the assertion, he made a short pause, and then resumed the discourse. "It may seem," says he, "a paradox, that the price of labour should be reduced without an abatement of wages, or that wages can be abated without any inconvenience to the labourer; and yet nothing is more certain than that both those things may happen. The wages of the labourers make the greatest part of the price of everything that is useful; and if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other things should be abated, every labourer with less wages would still be able to purchase as many necessaries of life; where, then, would be the inconvenience? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty* has given examples of this in some of his writings: one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by one only man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be

* Surveyor-General of Ireland to Charles the Second. See his *Discourse on Taxes*.

tedious, and at last but clumsily performed. But if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist. As there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one-fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it; all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all the other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from an increase of our working people.

“Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part, I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, that, after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song:

‘ Hang sorrow, and cast away care,
The parish is bound to find us,’ &c.

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us ‘The Merry Beggars.’

“What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no virtue in the Gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice. ‘I was hungry and ye gave me no meat, thirsty and ye gave me no

drink, naked and ye clothed me not, a stranger and ye took me not in, sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' Our Blessed Saviour treats the exercise or neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the performance or breach of this duty towards Himself. I shall endeavour to obey the will of my Lord and Master: and therefore if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare, rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If any countryman of our own is fallen into the hands of infidels, and lives in a state of miserable captivity, this is the man in prison, and I should contribute to his ransom. I ought to give to an hospital of invalids, to recover as many useful subjects as I can; but I shall bestow none of my bounties upon an alms-house of idle people; and, for the same reason, I should not think it a reproach to me if I had withheld my charity from those common beggars. But we prescribe better rules than we are able to practise; we are ashamed not to give in to the mistaken customs of our country: but, at the same time, I cannot but think it a reproach worse than that of common swearing, that the idle and the abandoned are suffered in the name of heaven and all that is sacred to extort from Christian and tender minds a supply to a profligate way of life, that is always to be supported, but never relieved."

Z.

ON RETIREMENT.

No. 549. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici.
Laudo tamen.—

Juv. Sat. iii. 1.

Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,
His purpose of retiring I commend.

I BELIEVE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement when they have made themselves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Horace describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money ; but what was the event of it ? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir Andrew Freeport, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our club, Sir Andrew gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune ; but in the temper of mind he was then he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. “ Now,” says he, “ you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and

debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place."

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir Andrew has since explained himself to me more at large in the following letter, which is just come to my hands:—

"GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

"Notwithstanding my friends at the club have always rallied me when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, that 'a merchant has never enough until he has got a little more;' I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyment of my possessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds, and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is, in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my

neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands, and in my own thoughts am already ploughing up some of them, fencing others, planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her Majesty's dominions ; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships, I hope as a husbandman to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sunshine, shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in Virgil or in Horace ; it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding, fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked

you ; and, in a word, such a hearty welcome as you may expect from

“Your most sincere friend and humble servant,

“ANDREW FREEPORT.”

IV.

CAPTAIN SENTRY.

MECHANICAL COURAGE.

No. 152. FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1711. [STEELE.]

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Hom. Il. 6, v. 146.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.

THERE is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain Sentry, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing my wonder, that the fear of death, which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet

opposite battalions, not only without reluctance, but with alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner : “ What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps ; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd : they see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive ; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so entirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory, fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the gross of mankind in general ; but none of these men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those who are formed for command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a consideration of greater good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to make it their first position, that it is one day to be resigned ; and since it is, in the prosecution of worthy actions and service of mankind, they can put it to habitual hazard. The event of our designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain ; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has ensured our happiness, whether we die or live. All that nature has prescribed must be good ; and as death is natural to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt anything that is glorious ; but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of a life spent in martial adventures, are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty,

mixed with the conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory, to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause, and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men, who made no figure till that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own persons. Such are the heroic part of soldiers who are qualified for leaders : as to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent danger they are still in the same indifference. Nay, I remember an instance of a gay Frenchman, who was led on in battle by a superior officer (whose conduct it was his custom to speak of always with contempt and raillery), and in the beginning of the action received a wound he was sensible was mortal ; his reflection on this occasion was, '*I wish I could live another hour, to see how this blundering coxcomb will get clear of this business.*' *

"I remember two young fellows who rode in the same squadron of a troop of horse, who were ever together ; they ate, they drank, they intrigued ; in a word, all their passions and affections seemed to tend the same way, and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. We were in the dusk of the evening to march over a river, and the troop these gentlemen belonged to were to be transported in a ferry-boat, as fast as they could. One of the friends was now in the boat, while the other was drawn up with others by the water-side waiting the return of the boat. A disorder happened in the passage by an unruly horse ; and a gentleman who had the rein of his horse negligently under his arm, was forced into the water by his horse's jumping over. The friend on the shore cried out, 'Who's that is drowned trow' ? He was immediately answered, 'Your friend, *Harry Thompson.*' He very gravely replied, '*Ay, he had a mad horse.*' This short epitaph from such a familiar,

* See the "Memoirs of Condé" of the Chevalier de Flourilles, a lieutenant-general of his, killed at the Battle of Senef, in 1674.

without more words, gave me, at that time under twenty, a very moderate opinion of the friendship of companions. Thus is affection and every other motive of life in the generality rooted out by the present busy scene about them : they lament no man whose capacity can be supplied by another ; and where men converse without delicacy, the next man you meet will serve as well as he whom you have lived with half your life. To such the devastation of countries, the misery of inhabitants, the cries of the pillaged, and the silent sorrow of the great unfortunate, are ordinary objects ; their minds are bent upon the little gratifications of their own senses and appetites, forgetful of compassion, insensible of glory, avoiding only shame ; their whole hearts taken up with the trivial hope of meeting and being merry. These are the people who make up the gross of the soldiery : but the fine gentleman in that band of men is such an one as I have now in my eye, who is foremost in all danger to which he is ordered. His officers are his friends and companions, as they are men of honour and gentlemen ; the private men his brethren, as they are of his species. He is beloved of all that behold him ; they wish him in danger as he views their ranks, that they may have occasion to save him at their own hazard. Mutual love is the order of the files where he commands ; every man afraid for himself and his neighbour, not lest their commander should punish them, but lest he should be offended. Such is his regiment who knows mankind, and feels their distresses so far as to prevent them. Just in distributing what is their due, he would think himself below their tailor to wear a snip of their clothes in lace upon his own ; and below the most rapacious agent, should he enjoy a farthing above his own pay. Go on, brave man, immortal glory is thy fortune, and immortal happiness thy reward. T.

ON ARGUMENT.

No. 197. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1711. [BUDGELL.]

Alter rixatur de lana sæpe caprina,
 Propugnat nugis armatus : scilicet, ut non
 Sit mihi prima fides ; et, verè quod placet, ut non
 Acriter elatrem pretium ætas altera sordet.
 Ambigitur quid enim ? Castor sciat, an Dolichos plus,
 Brundisium Minuci meliùs via ducat, an Appi.

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 15

On trifles some are earnestly absurd ;
 You'll think the world depends on every word.
 What ! is not every mortal free to speak ?
 I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck !
 And what's the question ? If it shines or rains ;
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

EVERY age a man passes through, and way of life he engages in, has some particular vice or imperfection naturally cleaving to it, which it will require his nicest care to avoid. The several weaknesses to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers ; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in, does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance ; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman, or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little less than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definition and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples ; while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation, out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infested with ; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready-money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep that temper which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Sentry pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, "he has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company."

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. "I was giving my opinion," says the captain, "without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the Templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to show me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which," says the captain, "to avoid any farther contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a great deal in them. 'Ay, but,' says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, 'there are several things to be

urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted ;' and thereupon began to shine on the other side of the question. Upon this," says the captain, "I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the Templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short," says my friend, "I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him ; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like Hudibras, ' could still change sides, and still confute.' " *

For my own part, I have ever regarded our inns of court as nurseries of statesmen and lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour ; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others ; the demolishing of Dunkirk † was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from

* Part i. cant. i. v. 69, 70.

† Negotiations were at this time taking place which suggested the razing of the fortifications of Dunkirk to Lewis.

time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows :

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good-humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another ; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace :—you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm anything, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity ; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which it is so difficult and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interests, education, and means by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike ; and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biasses of education and interest your adversary may possibly have ? But if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, That you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonists a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does

a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget ?

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier ; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger ; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master ; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, if you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion ; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, That nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, showing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties.

I shall close this subject by giving you one caution. When you have gained a victory, do not push it too far ; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it. X.

ON MAGNANIMITY.

No. 350. FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1712. [STEELE.]

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.

TULL.

That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for his own conveniency, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the Club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottière, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck : but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander ; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. Pottière caused his men to hold Goodwin while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart ; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage.

After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottière from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable, and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. "A good and truly bold spirit," continued he, "is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men ; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable ; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things ; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmth, manifests the true force of genius ; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas ! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending

himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel ; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

“ He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight ; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.” The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning ; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. “ I love,” said Mr. Sentry, “ a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,” added he, “ in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus ; but in Æneas there are many others which out-shine it ; among the rest, that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour : Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.”

T.

ON HIS NEW FORTUNE.

No. 544. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1712. [STEELE.]

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
 Quia res, ætas, usus semper aliquid apportet novi,
 Aliquid moneat : ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias ;
 Æt, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.

TER. Adelph. Act. v. Sc. 4.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience ; insomuch that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we thought we understood, and see cause to reject what we fancied our truest interest.

THERE are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain Sentry, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition :—

“ COVERLEY HALL, Nov. 15, WORCESTERSHIRE.

“ SIR,

“ I am come to the succession of the estate of my honoured kinsman, Sir Roger de Coverley ; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas ! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings ? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country, which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at. By the way, I must observe to you, that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings,

wherein Sir Roger is reported to have inquired into the private character of the young woman at the tavern. I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and not as an inclination in him to be guilty with her. The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character: but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir Roger's servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependents at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become security to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself. What makes this the more practicable is, that if they will do any good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make **no** exceptions against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprentice-

ship ; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labour, in three years' journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate ; but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

“ But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

“ There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own country before that of any other nation. It is from a habit of thinking, grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice and humanity in a soldier's life, to be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and overbearing, in a red-coat about town. But I was going to tell you, that, in honour to the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of, the year at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honour shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation and enjoy-

ment of all the conveniences of life in a pleasant various country. If Colonel Camperfelt* be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode; and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

"I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our club, as to condemn all inordinate pleasures; but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in food consists in desire, not satiety. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same Tully. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morning after he had supped at his house: 'Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.'

"I am, my worthy friend,

"Your most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM SENTRY."

T.

* Colonel Camperfelt. A fine compliment to the father of Admiral Kempenfelt, who was drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.



ABUSE OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

No. 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710—11.* [STEELE.]

Credant hoc grande nefas, et morte piendum,

Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerit.—

JUV. SAT. XIII. 54.

'Tis is impious then (so much was a reverend

For youth to keep their seats when an old man appears!'

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding; and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

* At this time, and until the establishment of the New Style, from 1752, the legal year began in England on the 25th of March, which is only in September, and by consequence is thirteen days later than the beginning of the natural year began on the first of January. The Romans dated their years according to custom, from the first of January; and so did the Greeks from March 1, 1711. But we have a relation by Richard Baskin, an ingenious and learned antiquary (1710-11) with him, that the English, the Scotch, and the Welsh, dated the beginning of the year on the 1st of January, and that the Pope's year began on March 24, and so the Jews on the 1st of Nisan, which is the 11th of April, and the Dominicans on the 1st of October. The year began on March 24, with some of the monks, and on the 1st of Nisan with others, in our England, but not in the Scotch, 1711 to the present. The first of January Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, and was observed in England and Scotland until 1752, but the year began on the 1st of January, 1700. Hume's Memoirs, Vol. 1, p. 174.

For this reason, Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations ; he finds rest more agreeable than motion ; and, while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. Every man who terminates his satisfactions and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is, says Sir Roger, in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. " But," continued he, " for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth ; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above mentioned, but more contemptible, in proportion to what more he robs the public of and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together ; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good ; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding : without this a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked intently upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion to polish our understandings and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion ; but, instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it ; and as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also at some times of a whole people ; and perhaps it may appear upon examination that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty shame and dishonour to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humour and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem* "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers ; to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions ; and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought to be the purpose of every man who appears in public ; and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis ; and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another. To follow the dictates of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and intricate ; when

* Sir Richard Blackmore, a staunch Whig and physician in ordinary to William III. ; author of a religious poem, "The Creation."

we pursue the other our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world ; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us ? And yet is there anything more common, than that we run in perfect contradiction to them ? All which is supported by no other pretension, than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of superiors is founded, methinks, upon instinct ; and yet what is so ridiculous as age ! I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little story, which I think a pretty instance, that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

“It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly ; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with the sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause ; and the old man cried out,—The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.”

R.

OMENS.

No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1710—11. [ADDISON.]

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?

HOR. 2, Ep. ii. 203.

Visions, and magic spells, can you despise,
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies ?

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear," said she, turning to her husband, "you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday !" says she ; "no, child ; if it please God you shall not begin upon Childermas-day ; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience that I let it drop by the way ; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank ; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person who had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I

found, acted but an under part at his table ; and, being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?"—"Yes," says he, "my dear ; and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza."* The reader may guess at the figure I made after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could with my usual taciturnity ; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting [wiping] my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it ; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect : for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind ; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest ; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the

* Between the English with their Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese allies and the French and Spaniards. The English were beaten April 25, 1707.

plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers ; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics : a rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, inasmuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room ; but a friend of mine, taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions and hearing death-watches ; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the toothache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life ; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is

the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind ; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care ; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help ; and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it ; because I am sure that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

C.

CLUBS.

No. 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1710—11. [ADDISON.]

—Tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride pacem
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit ursis.

JUV. Sat. xv. 163.

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear, you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe that we take all occasions and pretensions of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies,

which are commonly known by the name of clubs. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance. The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances; the one by a door of moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up another composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles, till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation: that the two bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the confederacy, of the Kings. This grand alliance was formed a little after the return of King Charles the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this surname of King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with republican and anti-monarchical principles.

A christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club. That of the

George's, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's day, and swear, "Before George," is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call street clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon further discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-Drum club, of which I was formerly an unworthy member, was made up of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King Charles the Second: I mean the club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The president of it was said to have killed half-a-dozen in single combat; and, as for the other members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There was likewise a side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and illiterate, the dull and the airy, the

philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat* itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The Beef-steak† and October clubs‡ are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artizans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and, as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

RULES.

To be observed in the Two-penny club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

I. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.

II. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.

* This club took its name from Christopher Cat, a maker of mutton pies; it was originally formed in Shire Lane, for a little free evening conversation, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops; in Queen Anne's reign the club consisted of numerous peers and gentry who were firm friends to the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the comedian, was their providore, and, as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk riband.

‡ The October Club was held at the Bell Tavern, King Street, Westminster, and chiefly consisted of Tory squires, who drank perdition to all foreigners in draughts of October ale.

III. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.

IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.

V. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie a halfpenny.

VI. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.

VII. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.

VIII. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.

IX. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.

X. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.

XI. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

XII. No non-juror shall be capable of being a member.

The morality of this little club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Jonson, the regulations of an old Roman club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek author.

C.

STORY OF YARICO.

No. 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Juv. Sat. ii. 63.

The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth nor infirmities of age ; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the young and the old. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable ; and, as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a commonplace talker, who upon my entrance arose, and, after a very slight civility, sat down again ; then turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life ; and, with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself ; which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage

done to her sex ; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner :

“ Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dispute with you : but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The man, walking with that noble animal, showed him, in the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which the lion said very justly, ‘ We lions are none of us painters, else we could show a hundred men killed by lions, for one lion killed by a man.’ You men are writers ; and can represent us women as unbecoming as you please in your works, while we are unable to return the injury. You have twice or thrice observed in your discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education ; and that an ability to dissemble our affections, is a professed part of our breeding. These, and such other reflections, are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who leave behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, was the celebrated Petronius,* who invented the pleasant aggravations of the frailty of the Ephesian lady ; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been either a point of dispute or raillery ever since there were men and women, let us take facts from plain people, and from such as have not either ambi-

* “ Told in the prose ‘ Satyricon ’ ascribed to Petronius, whom Nero called his Arbiter of Elegance. The tale was known in the Middle Ages from the stories of the ‘ Seven Wise Masters.’ She went down into the vault with her husband’s corpse, resolved to weep to death or die of famine ; but was tempted to share the supper of a soldier who was watching seven bodies hanging upon trees, and that very night, in the grave of her husband and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.” — HENRY MORLEY.

tion or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Ligon's * Account of Barbadoes ; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

“ Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the

* Richard Ligon, on whose authority the whole relation depends, was in Barbadoes when this transaction happened ; and his account, written with great simplicity, has intrinsic marks of veracity. His description of Yarico is interesting, and he tells the sad story of her wrongs with commendable simplicity and honest indignation. This lovely Indian soon found an admirer in the house of bondage, and not long after proved with child to a white domestic in the family of her master. When the time of her labour came, she secretly withdrew into a wood, from which she returned three hours after, bearing in her arms, with great gaiety, the fruit of her love, that promised in time to be as beautiful as its mother. Her fellow slaves were not sufficiently numerous to undertake the revenge of her injuries, but they contrived to communicate their resentment to all the negroes in the island. Yarico's flagrant ill-treatment, in concurrence with severities inflicted on slaves, or said to have been inflicted, by hard-hearted masters about this time, became the cause, or the occasion, of an alarming conspiracy of the negroes for a general massacre, and, in 1649, went very nigh to have cost the lives of all the English in Barbadoes. The intended insurrection was happily discovered but just in time to prevent the perpetration of the mischief, in consequence of the lenity and kindness of an Englishman to his negro slave, who was in confederacy with the unfortunate people of his complexion.—*A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes.*

hero of my story, among others went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped, among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of a European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers ; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her ; so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be

to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

“To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which considerations, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant ; notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him ; but he only made use of that information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.”

I was so touched with this story (which I think should be always a counterpart to the Ephesian Matron) that I left the room with tears in my eyes, which a woman of Arietta's good sense did, I am sure, take for greater applause than any compliments I could make her.

R.

HORRORS OF IMAGINATION.

No. 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1710-11. [ADDISON.]

———Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.

PERS. Sat. v. 92.

I root th' old woman from thy trembling heart.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly, good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest, hearty man, had put me into an advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following words: "Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my bason; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the

coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not to disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room ; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried Pish, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house ; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling anything that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family), they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room ; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a churchyard by moonlight, and of others that had been conjured into the Red Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight ; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so very attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelvemonth. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were mani-

festly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, "to pull the old woman out of our hearts" (as Persius expresses it in the motto of my paper), and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him who holds the reins of the whole creation in His hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another without His knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when

we think ourselves most alone; but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same consort of praise and adoration.

Milton * has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:—

—“Nor think, though men were none,
That heav’n would want spectators, God want praise :
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep ;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other’s note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav’nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join’d, their songs
Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heav’n.”

C.

DRESS AND SHOW.

No. 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710–11. [ADDISON.]

Parva leves capiunt animos——

OVID, *Ars. Am.* i. 159.

Light minds are pleas’d with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded cupids, and finely painted with the Loves of Venus and Adonis. The

* *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. lines 675–688.

coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was the unfortunate Cleanthe, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a gentleman, whom, after a long and intimate acquaintance, she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence, being sent thither partly by the loss of one lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humour in womankind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the sex from this light fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young lady that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate rivals, who, for several months together, did all they could to recommend themselves by complacency of behaviour and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his liveries, which had so good an effect that he married her the very week after.

The useful conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married couple, and you immediately hear whether they keep their coach and six, or eat in plate. Mention the name of an absent lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her gown and petticoat. A ball is a great help to discourse, and a birthday furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A furbelow of precious

stones, a hat buttoned with a diamond, a brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the mind that make persons illustrious in themselves and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colours, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A girl who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroidered coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed gloves may be her ruin. In a word, lace and ribands, silver and gold galloons, with the like glittering gewgaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise ; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self ; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions ; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows ; in short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem ; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast,

employment and diversion, that it looks like a little common-wealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another ; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of Fulvia ! she considers her husband as her steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues unbecoming a woman of quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world, when she is not in the ring, the play-house, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and it is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex, and calls every woman of a prudent, modest, and retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous ?

I cannot conclude my paper, without observing, that Virgil has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of Camilla ; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a woman in this particular. The poet tells us, that, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a Trojan who wore an embroidered tunic, a beautiful coat of mail, with a mantle of the finest purple. “A golden bow,” says he, “hung upon his shoulder ; his garment was buckled with a golden clasp, and his head covered with a helmet of the same shining metal.” The Amazon immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman’s longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with ;

“——Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ et spailorum ardebat amore.” *

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the poet (by a nice concealed moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female hero. C.

THE UGLY CLUB.

No. 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

—Tetrum ante omnia vultum.

JUV. x. 191.

———A visage rough,
Deformed, unfeatured.

SINCE our persons are not of our own making, when they are such as appear defective or uncomely, it is, methinks, an honest and laudable fortitude to dare to be ugly ; at least to keep ourselves from being abashed with a consciousness of imperfections which we cannot help, and in which there is no guilt. I would not defend a haggard beau, for passing away much time at a glass, and giving softnesses and languishing graces to deformity : all I intend is, that we ought to be contented with our countenance and shape, so far as never to give ourselves an uneasy reflection on that subject. It is to the ordinary people, who are not accustomed to make very proper remarks on any occasion, matter of great jest, if a man enters with a prominent pair of shoulders into an assembly, or is distinguished by an expansion of mouth, or obliquity of aspect. It is happy for a man that has any of these oddnesses about him, if he can be as merry upon himself, as others are apt to be upon that occasion. When

* And through the whole host, from a woman's longing for the prey and spoils with heedless ardour roamed.—VIR. Æn. xi 782.

he can possess himself with such a cheerfulness, women and children, who were at first frightened at him, will afterwards be as much pleased with him. As it is barbarous in others to rally him for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Madame Maintenon's first husband * was a hero in this kind, and has drawn many pleasantries from the irregularity of his shape, which he describes as very much resembling the letter Z. He diverts himself likewise by representing to his reader the make of an engine and pulley, with which he used to take off his hat. When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an aspect of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleasant upon himself. Prince Harry and Falstaff, in Shakspeare, have carried the ridicule upon fat and lean as far as it will go. Falstaff is humourously called woolsack, bed-presser, and hill of flesh ; Harry, a starveling, an elves-skin, a sheath, a bow-case, and a tuck. There is, in several incidents of the conversation between them, the jest still kept up upon the person. Great tenderness and sensibility in this point is one of the greatest weaknesses of self-love. For my own part, I am a little unhappy in the mould of my face, which is not quite so long as it is broad. Whether this might not partly arise from my opening my mouth much seldomer than other people, and by consequence not so much lengthening the fibres of my visage, I am not at leisure to determine. However it be, I have been often put out of countenance by the shortness of my face, and was formerly at great pains in concealing it by wearing a periwig with a high foretop, and letting my beard grow. But now I have thoroughly got over this delicacy, and could be contented it were much shorter, provided it might qualify me for a member of the merry club which the following letter gives me an account of. I have received it from Oxford ; and as it abounds with the spirit of mirth and good-

* Abbé Paul Scarron, the burlesque writer, who was deformed from his birth.

humour which is natural to that place, I shall set it down word for word as it came to me.

“MOST PROFOUND SIR,

“Having been very well entertained, in the last of your speculations that I have yet seen, by your specimen upon clubs, which I therefore hope you will continue, I shall take the liberty to furnish you with a brief account of such a one as perhaps you have not seen in all your travels, unless it was your fortune to touch upon some of the woody parts of the African continent, in your voyage to or from Grand Cairo. There have arose in this university (long since you left us without saying anything) several of these inferior hebdomadal societies, as the Punning Club, the Witty Club, and, amongst the rest, the Handsome Club; as a burlesque upon which, a certain merry species, that seem to have come into the world in masquerade, for some years last past have associated themselves together, and assumed the name of the Ugly Club. This ill-favoured fraternity consists of a president and twelve fellows; the choice of which is not confined by patent to any particular foundation (as St. John’s men would have the world believe, and have therefore erected a separate society within themselves), but liberty is left to elect from any school in Great Britain, provided the candidates be within the rules of the club, as set forth in a table, intituled The Act of Deformity; a clause or two of which I shall transmit to you:—

“I. That no person whatsoever shall be admitted without a visible deformity in his aspect, or peculiar cast of countenance; of which the president and officers for the time being are to determine, and the president to have the casting voice.

“II. That a singular regard be had, upon examination, to the gibbosity of the gentlemen that offer themselves as founder’s kinsmen; or to the obliquity of their figure, in what sort soever.

“III. That if the quantity of any man’s nose be eminently miscalculated, whether as to length or breadth, he shall have a just pretence to be elected.

“Lastly, That if there shall be two or more competitors for the same vacancy, *cæteris paribus*, he that has the thickest skin to have the preference.

“Every fresh member, upon his first night, is to entertain the company with a dish of cod-fish, and a speech in praise of Æsop ; * whose portraiture they have in full proportion, or rather disproportion, over the chimney ; and their design is, as soon as their funds are sufficient, to purchase the heads of Thersites, Duns Scotus, Scarron, Hudibras, and the old gentleman in Oldham, with all the celebrated ill faces of antiquity, as furniture for the club-room.

“As they have always been professed admirers of the other sex, so they unanimously declare that they will give all possible encouragement to such as will take the benefit of the statute, though none yet have appeared to do it.

“The worthy president, who is their most devoted champion, has lately shown me two copies of verses, composed by a gentleman of his society : the first, a congratulatory ode, inscribed to Mrs. Touchwood, upon the loss of her two fore-teeth ; the other, a panegyric upon Mrs. Andiron’s left shoulder. Mrs. Vizard (he says), since the small-pox, is grown tolerably ugly, and a top toast in the club ; but I never heard him so lavish of his fine things, as upon old Nell Trot, who constantly officiates at their table ; her he even adores and extols as the very counterpart of Mother Shipton ; in short, Nell (says he) is one of the extraordinary works of nature ; but as for complexion, shape, and features, so valued by others, they are all mere outside and symmetry, which is his aversion. Give me leave to add, that the president is a facetious, pleasant gentleman, and never more so, than when he has got (as he calls them) his dear mummets about him ; and he often protests it does him good to meet a fellow with a right genuine grimace in his air (which is so agreeable in the generality of the French nation) ; and, as an instance of his sincerity in this particular, he gave me a sight of a list in his pocket-book of all of this class who for

* Æsop was said to be “the most deformed of all men of his age.”

these five years have fallen under his observation, with himself at the head of them, and in the rear (as one of a promising and improving aspect),

“Sir, your obliged and humble servant,

“ALEX. CARBUNCLE.”

R.

Oxford, March 12, 1710.

ITALIAN OPERA.

No. 18. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710–11. [ADDISON.]

—Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.

HOR.

But now our nobles too are fops and vain,
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.

It is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the Italian Opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the English stage : For there is no question but our great grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their forefathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arsinoë * was the first opera that gave us a taste of Italian music. The great success this opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon Italian plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware ; and therefore laid

* *Arsinoë*, produced at Drury Lane in 1705. No doubt the failure of his English opera “*Rosamond*” gave to Addison’s criticisms upon Italian opera an additional bitterness.

down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to music, that is not nonsense.*

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the Italian operas ; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate ; their chief care being to make the numbers of the English verse answer to those of the Italian, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*,

“ Barbara si t’ intendo,” &c.

“ Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,”

which expresses the resentments of an angry lover, was translated into that English lamentation—

“ Frail are a lover’s hopes,” &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the British nation dying away and languishing to notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words which were drawn out of the phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an Italian verse that ran thus word for word,

“ And turn’d my rage into pity ;”

which the English for rhyme sake translated,

“ And into pity turn’d my rage.”

By this means the soft notes that were adapted to pity in the Italian, fell upon the word rage in the English ; and the angry sounds that were turned to rage in the original, were made to express pity in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insigni-

ficant words in the sentence. I have known the word *and* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *the*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers and divisions bestowed upon *then*, *for*, and *from*; to the eternal honour of our English particles.

The next step to our refinement, was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our countrymen performed theirs in our native tongue. The king or hero of the play generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English: the lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera, and therefore to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the meantime I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian, who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise fore-fathers, will make the following reflection, *In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the

taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

If the Italians have a genius for music above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus* *) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature: I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present, our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like, only, in general, we are transported with any thing that is not English: so if it be of a foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a royal palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of music, which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner to be considered by those who are masters in the art. C.

* The tragedy of *Phædra and Hippolitus*, acted without success in 1707, was written by Edmund Smith.

ENVY.

No. 19. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi, rarò et perpauca loquentis.*

HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 17.

Thank heaven that made me of an humble mind ;
To action little, less to words inclin'd !

OBSERVING one person behold another, who was an utter stranger to him, with a cast of his eye, which, methought, expressed an emotion of heart very different from what could be raised by an object so agreeable as the gentleman he looked at, I began to consider, not without some secret sorrow, the condition of an envious man. Some have fancied that envy has a certain magical force in it, and that the eyes of the envious have, by their fascination, blasted the enjoyments of the happy. Sir Francis Bacon * says, some have been so curious as to remark the times and seasons when the stroke of an envious eye is most effectually pernicious, and have observed, that it has been when the person envied has been in any circumstance of glory and triumph. At such a time the mind of the prosperous man goes, as it were, abroad, among things without him, and is more exposed to the malignity. But I shall not dwell upon speculations so abstracted as this, or repeat the many excellent things which one might collect out of authors upon this miserable affection ; but, keeping in the road of common life, consider the envious man with relation to these three heads, his pains, his reliefs, and his happiness.

The envious man is in pain upon all occasions which ought to give him pleasure. The relish of his life is inverted ; and the objects which administer the highest satisfaction to those who are exempt from this passion, give the quickest pangs to persons who are subject to it. All the perfections of their

* Essays, ix. : Of Envy.

fellow-creatures are odious. Youth, beauty, valour, and wisdom, are provocations of their displeasure. What a wretched and apostate state is this ! to be offended with excellence, and to hate a man because we approve him ! The condition of the envious man is the most emphatically miserable ; he is not only incapable of rejoicing in another's merit or success, but lives in a world wherein all mankind are in a plot against his quiet, by studying their own happiness and advantage. Will Prosper is an honest tale-bearer, he makes it his business to join in conversation with envious men. He points to such an handsome young fellow, and whispers that he is secretly married to a great fortune. When they doubt, he adds circumstances to prove it ; and never fails to aggravate their distress, by assuring them, that, to his knowledge, he has an uncle will leave him some thousands. Will has many arts of this kind to torture this sort of temper, and delights in it. When he finds them change colour, and say faintly, they wish such piece of news is true, he has the malice to speak some good or other of every man of their acquaintance.

The reliefs of the envious man are those little blemishes and imperfections that discover themselves in an illustrious character. It is matter of great consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honour does a thing unworthy himself, or when any action which was well executed, upon better information appears so altered in circumstances, that the fame of it is divided among many, instead of being attributed to one. This is a secret satisfaction to these malignants ; for the person whom they before could not but admire, they fancy is nearer their own condition as soon as his merit is shared among others. I remember, some years ago, there came out an excellent poem without the name of the author. The little wits, who were incapable of writing it, began to pull in pieces the supposed writer. When that would not do, they took great pains to suppress the opinion that it was his. That again failed. The next refuge was to say that it was overlooked by one man, and many pages wholly written by another. An honest fellow, who sat among a cluster of them in debate on

this subject, cried out, "Gentlemen, if you are sure none of yourselves had a hand in it, you are but where you were, whoever writ it." But the most usual succour to the envious, in cases of nameless merit in this kind, is to keep the property, if possible, unfixed, and by that means to hinder the reputation of it from falling upon any particular person. You see an envious man clear up his countenance, if, in the relation of any man's great happiness in one point, you mention his uneasiness in another. When he hears such a one is very rich he turns pale, but recovers when you add that he has many children. In a word, the only sure way to an envious man's favour, is not to deserve it.

But if we consider the envious man in delight, it is like reading of the seat of a giant in a romance ; the magnificence of his house consists in the many limbs of men whom he has slain. If any who promised themselves success in any uncommon undertaking, miscarry in the attempt, or he that aimed at what would have been useful and laudable meets with contempt and derision, the envious man under the colour of hating vain-glory, can smile with an inward wantonness of heart at the ill-effect it may have upon an honest ambition for the future.

Having thoroughly considered the nature of this passion, I have made it my study how to avoid the envy that may accrue to me from these my speculations ; and, if I am not mistaken in myself, I think I have a genius to escape it. Upon hearing in a coffee-house one of my papers commended, I immediately apprehended the envy that would spring from that applause ; and therefore gave a description of my face the next day ; being resolved, as I grow in reputation for wit, to resign my pretensions to beauty. This, I hope, may give some ease to those unhappy gentlemen who do me the honour to torment themselves upon the account of this my paper. As their case is very deplorable, and deserves compassion, I shall sometimes be dull in pity to them, and will from time to time administer consolations to them by further discoveries of my person. In the meanwhile, if anyone says the Spectator has wit, it may be some relief to

them to think that he does not show it in company. And if anyone praises his morality, they may comfort themselves by considering that his face is none of the longest. R.

IMPUDENCE.

No. 20. FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1710-11. [STEELE.]

———Κύνος ὀμματ' ἔχων———

HOM. II. i. 225.

Thou dog in forehead. ———

AMONG the other hardy undertakings which I have proposed to myself, that of the correction of impudence is what I have very much at heart. This in a particular manner is my province as Spectator ; for it is generally an offence committed by the eyes, and that against such as the offenders would perhaps never have an opportunity of injuring in any other way. The following letter is a complaint of a young lady, who sets forth a trespass of this kind, with that command of herself as befits beauty and innocence, and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expresses her indignation. The whole transaction is performed with the eyes ; and the crime is no less than employing them in such a manner, as to divert the eyes of others from the best use they can make of them, even looking up to heaven.

“SIR,

“There never was (I believe) an acceptable man, but had some awkward imitators. Ever since the Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of men, whom I choose to call Starers ; that without any regard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a large company with their impertinent eyes. Spectators make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show or a bear-garden ; but devout supplicants and attentive hearers are

the audience one ought to expect in churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious congregation near one of the north gates of this city ; much the greater part of us indeed are females, and used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive manner, till very lately one whole aisle has been disturbed by one of these monstrous starers : he is the head taller than any one in the church ; but for the greater advantage of exposing himself, stands upon a hassock, and commands the whole congregation, to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of the auditory ; for what with blushing, confusion, and vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor sermon. Your animadversion upon this insolence would be a great favor to,

“Sir, your most humble servant,

“S. C.”

I have frequently seen of this sort of fellows, and do not think there can be a greater aggravation of an offence, than that it is committed where the criminal is protected by the sacredness of the place which he violates. Many reflections of this sort might be very justly made upon this kind of behaviour ; but a starrer is not usually a person to be convinced by the reason of the thing ; and a fellow that is capable of showing an impudent front before a whole congregation, and can bear being a public spectacle, is not so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions. If, therefore, my correspondent does not inform me, that within seven days after this date the barbarian does not at least stand upon his own legs only, without an eminence, my friend Will Prosper has promised to take an hassock opposite to him, and stare against him in defence of the ladies. I have given him directions, according to the most exact rules of optics, to place himself in such a manner, that he shall meet his eyes wherever he throws them. I have hopes that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies, in whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks and wishes of success at their champion, he will have some shame, and feel a little of the pain he has so often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind generally remarked,

and as often lamented, that this family of Starers have infested public assemblies : and I know no other way to obviate so great an evil, except, in the case of fixing their eyes upon woman, some male friend will take the part of such as are under the oppression of impudence, and encounter the eyes of the Starers wherever they meet them. While we suffer our women to be thus impudently attacked, they have no defence, but in the end to cast yielding glances at the Starers : and in this case, a man who has no sense of shame has the same advantage over his mistress, as he who has no regard for his own life has over his adversary. While the generality of the world are fettered by rules, and move by proper and just methods, he who has no respect to any of them, carries away the reward due to that propriety of behaviour, with no other merit but that of having neglected it.

I take an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and therefore what is said of him no nation or person can be concerned for. For this reason, one may be free upon him. I have put myself to great pains in considering this prevailing quality which we call impudence, and have taken notice that it exerts itself in a different manner, according to the different soils wherein such subjects of these dominions, as are masters of it, were born. Impudence in an Englishman is sullen and insolent ; in a Scotchman, it is untractable and rapacious ; in an Irishman, absurd and fawning. As the course of the world now runs, the impudent Englishman behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot like an ill-received guest, and the Irishman like a stranger, who knows he is not welcome. There is seldom anything entertaining either in the impudence of a South or North Briton ; but that of an Irishman is always comic. A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance without the least sense of it. The best and most successful Starers now in this town are of that nation ; they have usually the advantage of the stature mentioned in the above letter of my correspondent, and generally take their stands in the eye of women of fortune ; insomuch that I have known one of them, three months after he came from plough,

with a tolerable good air lead out a woman from a play, which one of our own breed, after four years at Oxford and two at the Temple, would have been afraid to look at.

I cannot tell how to account for it, but these people have usually the preference to our own fools, in the opinion of the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps it is, that an English coxcomb is seldom so obsequious as an Irish one ; and when the design of pleasing is visible, an absurdity in the way towards it is easily forgiven.

But those who are downright impudent, and go on without reflection that they are such, are more to be tolerated, than a set of fellows among us who profess impudence with an air of humour, and think to carry off the most inexcusable of all faults in the world, with no other apology than saying in a gay tone, "I put an impudent face upon the matter." No ; no man shall be allowed the advantages of impudence, who is conscious that he is such. If he knows he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise ; and it shall be expected that he blush, when he sees he makes another do it. For nothing can atone for the want of modesty ; without which, beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

R.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

No. 21. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710—11. [ADDISON.]

——Locus est et pluribus umbris.

HOR. 1 Ep. v. 28.

There's room enough, and each may bring his friend.

I AM sometimes very much troubled when I reflect upon the three great professions of divinity, law, and physic ; how they are each of them overburdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the clergy into generals, field-officers, and subalterns. Among the first we may reckon bishops, deans, and archdeacons. Among the second are doctors of divinity, prebendaries, and all that wear scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the subalterns. As for the first class, our constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several brevets having been granted for the converting of subalterns into scarf-officers ; insomuch that within my memory the price of lustring is raised above two-pence in a yard. As for the subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the laity, by the splitting of their freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the elections in England.

The body of the law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like Virgil's army, which he tells us was so crowded many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the litigious and peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to Westminster-hall every morning in term time. Martial's description of this species of lawyers is full of humour :

" *Iras et verba locant.*"

" Men that hire out their words and anger ;" that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must, however, observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the litigious are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the bar. Nevertheless as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers are, in the first place, many of the benchers of the several inns of court, who seem to be the dignitaries of the law, and are endowed with those qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a ruler than a pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, eating once a day, and dancing once a year, for the honour of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of peaceable lawyers are those young men who, being placed at the inns of court in order to study the laws of their country, frequent the play-house more than Westminster-hall, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a court of justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors in the drawing up of writings and conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such chamber practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men. The sight of them is enough to make a man serious; for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men in our own country may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time: some of them slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of regular troops, there are stragglers who, without being duly

* See Essay on Heroic Virtue.

listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable retainers to physic who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive, or impaling of insects upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in the gathering of weeds, and the chase of butterflies: not to mention the cockleshell-merchants and spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions is crowded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them who may be rather said to be of the science than the profession, I very much wonder at the humour of parents who will not rather choose to place their sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest probity, learning, and good sense may miscarry. How many men are country curates that might have made themselves aldermen of London, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in trade though he starves upon physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. Vagellius is careful, studious, and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single client, but might have had abundance of customers. The misfortune is, that parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their sons may be of it; whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the genius and abilities of their children more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy who may not be placed in stations of life which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like law, physic, or divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all

its professors. Fleets of merchantmen are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the tropics.

C.

ON LAMPOONS.

No. 23. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Sæviti atrox Volscens nec teli conspiciit usquam
Auctorem, nec quò se ardens immittere possit.*

VIRG. *Æn.* ix. 420.

Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descry'd not him who gave the fatal wound ;
Nor knew to fix revenge. —

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous spirit, than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and satires, that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humour and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain, he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil society. His satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be most exempt from it. Virtue, merit, and every thing that is praiseworthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these arrows that fly in the dark ; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and

produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a lampoon or a satire do not carry in them robbery or murder ; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as a mark of infamy and derision ? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered to them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in Socrates's behaviour at his death, in a light wherein none of the critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the immortality of the soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does not believe any the most comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon Aristophanes, who writ a comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that Socrates was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shows us, that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the poet his friend ever after. Cardinal Mazarine gave the same kind of treatment to the learned Quillet, who had reflected upon his eminence in a famous Latin poem.* The cardinal sent for him, and, after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should fall,

* *Callipædia*, published in 1655.

which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of Pasquin was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his laundress was made a princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's sister, who, before the promotion of her brother, was in those mean circumstances that Pasquin represented her. As this pasquinade made a great noise in Rome, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the author of it. The author, relying upon his holiness's generosity, as also on some private overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. Aretine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries. Nay, there is a letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the Sophi of Persia under contribution.

Though in the various examples which I have here drawn together, these several great men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the age who had reproached them; they all of them plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary scribblers of lampoons. An innocent young lady shall be exposed for an

* Peter Aretine, infamous for his writings, died in 1557.

unhappy feature : a father of a family turned to ridicule for some domestic calamity : a wife be made uneasy all her life for a misinterpreted word or action : nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man shall be put out of countenance by the representation of those qualities that should do him honour :—so pernicious a thing is wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of raillery and satire : as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one ; for as the one will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger L'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me.—A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. “Children,” says one of the frogs, “you never consider, that though this be play to you, ’tis death to us.”

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts,* I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season ; and in the meantime, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines, because they are but few who can be guilty of it.

C.

* The week before Easter.

A SICKLY TRIBE.

No. 25. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1711. [ADDISON.]

— *Ægrescitque medendo.*VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 46.

And sickens by the very means of health.

THE following letter will explain itself, and needs no apology:—

“SIR,

“I am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name of Valetudinarians; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of physic. I no sooner began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not fancy myself afflicted with.* Dr. Sydenham’s learned treatise of fevers threw me into a lingering hectic, which hung upon me all the while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the study of several authors, who have written upon phthisical distempers, and by that means fell into a consumption; till at length, growing very fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after this I found in myself all the symptoms of the gout, except pain; but was cured of it by a treatise upon the gravel, written by a very ingenious author, who (as it is usual for physicians to convert one distemper into another) eased me of the gout by giving me the stone. I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but accidentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by Sanctorius,† I was re-

* Tickell, in his preface to Addison’s works, says that “Addison never had a regular pulse,” which, however, Steele questions, in his dedication of the *Drummer to Congreve*.

† Sanctorius or Santorius, the ingenious inventor of the first thermometer, was a celebrated professor of medicine in the university of Padua, early in the seventeenth century, who, by means of a weighing-chair of his own invention, ascertained many curious and important discoveries relative to insensible perspiration.

solved to direct myself by a scheme of rules, which I had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well acquainted with that gentleman's invention; who, for the better carrying on of his experiments, contrived a certain mathematical chair, which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh anything as well as a pair of scales. By this means he discovered how many ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other channels and distributions of nature.

“Having provided myself with this chair, I used to study, eat, drink, and sleep in it; insomuch that I may be said, for these three last years, to have lived in a pair of scales. I compute myself, when I am in full health, to be precisely two hundredweight, falling short of it about a pound after a day's fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal; so that it is my continual employment to trim the balance between these two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary meals I fetch myself up to two hundredweight and half a pound; and if, after having dined, I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small beer, or eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half-pound; which, for my health's sake, I do the first Monday in every month. As soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have perspired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover by my chair, that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of them. I do not dine and sup by the clock, but by my chair; for when that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence I lose a pound and a half, and on solemn fasts am two pound lighter than on other days in the year.

“I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep, within a few grains more or less; and if, upon my rising, I find that I have not consumed my whole quantity,

I take out the rest in my chair. Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two hundredweight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce in my health during a whole twelvemonth. And yet, Sir, notwithstanding this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and languishing condition. My complexion is grown very sallow, my pulse low, and my body hydropical. Let me, therefore, beg you, Sir, to consider me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige,

Your humble Servant."

This letter puts me in mind of an Italian epitaph, written on the monument of a valetudinarian: "*Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui:*" which it is impossible to translate.* The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflection made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it; to make our health our business; to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any

* "I was well; but trying to be better, I am here."

one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness, or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request; and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.
 Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
 Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
 Et domus exilis Plutonia. —

HOR. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
 Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate :
 Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
 And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years :
 Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
 To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

“Γλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντα τε Θερσιλόχόν τε.”

HOM.

one to blame for taking due care of their health. contrary, as cheerfulness of mind and capacity for business a great measure the effects of a well-tempered character. man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and improve. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never be interrupted by groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and various distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the discharge of our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall find the best means to preserve life, without being over-alarmed about the event; and shall arrive at that point of tranquillity which Martial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness, or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate. He obtained his request; and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired Jupiter to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

C.

THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No. 26. FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
 Regumque turres, O beate Sexti.
 Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
 Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
 Et domus exilis Plutonia. —

Hon. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate
 Knocks at the cottage, and the palace gate :
 Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,
 And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years :
 Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go
 To story'd ghosts, and Pluto's house below.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

“Γλαῦκόν τε Μεδόντ᾽ τε Θερσίλοχόν τε.”

HOM.

"Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque."

VIRG.

"Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus."

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed on him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were, perhaps, buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern

epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave, rough, English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out;

when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

C.

THE AMOROUS CLUB.

No. 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711. [STEELE.]

*Si, Minnervus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.*

Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 65.

*If nothing, as Minnervus strives to prove,
Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.*

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos who are not so very much lost to common sense but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not

obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, "She gave me a very obliging glance; she never looked so well in her life as this evening;" or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes: one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms; another declaring he will break his chains; and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress; but the Oxonians are fantastical now they are lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrenzy are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and *Chloris* is won to-day by the same compliment that was made to *Lesbia* a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the club is the re-

nowned Don Quixote. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves ; but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagances of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ Since I find you take notice of clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have nowhere mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of the Amorous club, are all votaries of Cupid, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live : for in love there are no doctors ; and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion ; our number is unlimited ; and our statutes are like those of the druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted ; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates ; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

“ *Nævia sex Cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.*”

MART. Epig. i. 72.

“ Six cups to *Nævia*, to *Justina* seven.”

This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. Elizabeth Dimple, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

“Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“T. B.

“I forgot to tell you that Albina, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.” R.

REMONSTRANCES.

No. 34. MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—————
Cognatis maculis similis fera

Juv. Sat. vi. 159.

From spotted skin the leopard does refrain.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed, as it were, out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the

different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show ; that some of them likewise were very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them ; and farther added that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. " In short," says Sir Andrew, " if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner ; that the city had always been the province of satire ; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too

sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack everyone that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till, by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the Clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards

proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me, that, whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pay a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that, for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out; and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain; who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found, that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners,

I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, entreat every particular person who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said : for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people ; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.

C.

A LADY'S LIBRARY.

No. 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus—

VIRG. Æn. vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see it ; and as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one con-

tinued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the master of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow :—

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra. } [Romances from the French of Gautier de
Cleopatra. } Costes.]

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus [by Madeleine de Scudéri]; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Peru-broke's Arcadia.

Locke on Human Understanding : with a paper of patches in it.

A Spelling Book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. Dufey ; bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors in Wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.

Clelia : which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atalantis,* with a Key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book : with a bottle of Hungary-Water by the side of it

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's † Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health : I answered Yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two, retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my

* A scandalous book which under feigned names especially attacked members of Whig families.

† A famous dancing master of this date.

good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about a hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottos covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet, which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of the Purling Stream. The knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird that is killed in her ground, will spoil a consort, and she shall certainly miss him next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to

enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

C.

ON LAUGHTER.

No. 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Ride, si sapis-

MART.

Laugh, if you're wise.

MR. HOBBS, in his Discourse of Human Nature,* which in my humble opinion is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Everyone laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting him.

* Chap. ix. Hobbes's "Human Nature" was published in 1656.

self with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus everyone diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau :

“ Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.”

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above mentioned are stirrers-up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, “that they could eat them,” according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best:—in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Maccaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their

audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is nowhere more visible than in that custom which prevails everywhere among us on the first day of the present month, when everybody takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other day in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a half-pennyworth of incle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was despatched half-a-mile to see a monster; and, in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind, or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation and pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser

men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean, those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner:—"Men of all sorts," says that merry knight, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

C.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

No. 49. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711. [STEELE.]

———Homineum pagina nostra sapit.

MART.

Men and their manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element ; for, if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients ; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres ; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver, the haberdasher, has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand ; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe till

Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house ; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there ; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's,* and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think that these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity ; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their deshabille, with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men ; such as have not spirits too active to be happy, and well pleased in a private condition ; nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind ; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers,

* The Grecian was by the Temple ; Squire's by Gray's Inn ; and Searle's by Lincoln's Inn.

sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination ; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense ; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them ; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him, is to let him see you are the better man for his services ; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends he lends, at legal value, considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news. they all of them appear dejected ; and, on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him ; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but

they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from daybreak till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant;* who, as first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

R.

THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

No. 56. FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Felices errore suo—

LUCAN, i. 454.

Happy in their mistake.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that, as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with

* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nicknamed Sir Thomas.

substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus,* who in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or as we call it here, to the other world ; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of everything he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter : which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows :—

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up a huge stone in his hand ; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other,

* A learned Dominican Bishop of Ratisbon, who died at Cologne, 1280.

when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and, after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest ; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air ; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset-hedge to the ghosts it inclosed ; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood : when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was enter-

tained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit ; others were pitching the shadow of a bar ; others were breaking the apparition of a horse ; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose everywhere about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country ; but he quickly found, that, though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and, being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their mutual constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like Maramon and Yaramilla. Maramon had no son, but Yaramilla, who carried him in the shadow of his beloved Yaramilla, bore him a son, who, when her eye upon him, before he was even born. His arms were stretched out towards him ; the eyes of his mother and father, turned towards him ; and his mother, who was sitting by him at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was his father. When he died, she was the president of a company of judges, and, as of an establishment, that resided in the Indian town nearest to his dear Yaramilla? He could never see his father's face, but tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon

her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him ; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach Yaratilda flew into his arms, whilst Marraton wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower, which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As Marraton stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, Yaratilda told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower : advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us farther, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death ; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any farther account of it.

C.

ON PUNNING.

No. 61. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.

PERS. Sat. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men ; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and, in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of king James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn

manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakespeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my learned friend had dined with Mr. Swan, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclassis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by

the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Cicero, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters ; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters ; at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause ; to which I must also add a little epigram called the Witches' Prayer, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such painstakers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in ? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire ; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that, if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion than from the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen Tory acrostics and Whig anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because

they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is "*vox et præterea nihil*," "a sound, and nothing but a sound." On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which Aristenetus makes of a fine woman: when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful; or, as Mercerus has translated it more emphatically, "*Induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.*"

C.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

No. 66. WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1711. [STEELE.]

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo; et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

HOR. 3 Od. vi. 21.

Behold a ripe and melting maid
Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:
Ionian artists at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice,
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity:—

"TO THE SPECTATOR.

"SIR,

"I take the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine, who is lately come to town and under my care for her education. She is very pretty, but you can't imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mentioned in one of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than anybody. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased, and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk than she was to go at a year old. By walking you will easily know I mean that regular but easy motion which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure; or, if I may so speak, recitative dancing. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

"They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of fine breeding; which makes me ambitious of your instructions, and you for her improvement; which when you have favoured me with, I shall farther advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage; for I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune."

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"C. M. M. M."

“SIR,

“Being employed by Celimene to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happen to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled : therefore pray, Mr. Spectator, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called fine breeding ; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called good breeding.

“Your most humble servant.”*

The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons and neglect their minds ; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of ; and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl : and I am the more inclined to this, because I have several letters which complain to me that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writings. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of anything in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master ; and with a collar round her neck the pretty wild thing is taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body ; and all this under pain of never having a husband if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination what is to pass between her and this husband that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be edu-

* John Hughes, it is said, was the author of this and the preceding letter.

cated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wise enough for anything for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that is all their cost, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the wild thing mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed: the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the erudition of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

Cleomira dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts that she raises in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is to make the mind and body improve together; and, if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture. R.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

No. 69. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt feliciùs uvæ :
 Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi ?
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosoque Pontus
 Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum ?
 Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
 Imposuit natura locis—*

VIRG. Georg. i. 54.

This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits ;
 That other loads the trees with happy fruits ;
 A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground :
 Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd ;
 India black ebon and white iv'ry bears ;
 And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears :
 Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far ;
 And naked Spaniards temper steel for war :
 Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
 (In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
 This is th' original contract ; these the laws
 Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world : they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians ; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews ; and sometimes make one in a groupe of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times ; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew,

who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any farther notice of me. There is, indeed, a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo ; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public calamities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock ; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened by the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of a hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.*

* Was not Pope indebted to these remarks for one of his most striking passages in the *Rape of the Lock*?

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren, uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share ! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns, and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature ; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab ; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens ; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens ; the spice-islands, our hot-beds ; the Persians, our silk-weavers ; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with everything that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the North and South, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth ; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of

nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the 'Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury ! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

C.

THE EVERLASTING CLUB.

No. 72. WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur avorum.

VIRG. Georg. iv. 208.

Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
The fortune of the family remains,
And grandsire's grandsons the long list contains.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature ; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less

surprising to my reader than it was to myself ; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name ; upon which my friend gave me the following account :

The Everlasting Club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another ; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company ; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are ; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club that the steward never dies ; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it ; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the great fire,* which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to stop the fire) ; and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is

* Anno 1666.

iently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was but in his ship because he could not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the club had under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution was passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and constitution of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club,* which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*), as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above a hundred times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat and October as a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked a hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's

* See the *Leges Convivales* of this club, in Langbaine's *Lives of English Poets*.—Art. Ben Jonson.

surprising to my reader than it was to myself ; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the great curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name ; upon which my friend gave me the following account :

The Everlasting Club consists of a hundred members. They divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another ; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company ; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are ; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club that the steward never dies ; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it ; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the great fire,* which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to stop the fire) ; and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is

* Anno 1666.

frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was but in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best light I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said that they observe the law in Ben Jonson's club,* which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*), as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above a hundred times.

The Everlasting Club treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and aims to get of the Kilt-Club and Open as a couple of pipers. The former being, I observe (as much as I have been able to learn of it) composed of other men such as never come but to expose in their own assembly; of members who have not in the club, in their turn, for a week or there, without coming out of the club; of others who have smoked a hundred pipes without sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's

* See the *History of the City of London*, in London, 1676, p. 125. See also *English Notes*, in London.

draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in king Charles's reign ; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking ; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessities.

The senior member has outlived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

C.

PARTY PATCHES.

No. 81. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas—

STATIUS.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another.* After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently ; the faces on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another ; and that their

* Never in the annals of parliamentary government, was party spirit in a more feverish and combative state than at this time.

patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon inquiry I found, that the body of Amazons on my right hand, were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner: and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draft of marriage articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that, whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the Whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several

coxcombs ; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigranilla is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the Whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the motto on this paper,

—She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.*

When I was in the theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the Tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig ; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell ; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world ; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and

* Davideis. Cowley's tiger, however, is a male.

animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprive the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be showing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, show themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them ?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shown them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other." C.

THE OCCUPATION OF TIME.

NO. 93. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Spatio brevi
 Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur fugerit invida
 Ætas: carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.
 HOR. 1 Ođ. xi. 6.

Thy lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound
 Proportion'd to the flying hour:
 While thus we talk in careless ease,
 The envious moments wing their flight;
 Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
 Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca,* and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this

* "De Brevitate Vitæ" ad Paulinum lib. *passim*.

particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by everyone to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:—

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general accep-

tation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party ; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced ; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation ; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him : it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that Presence which everywhere surrounds him ; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous that he may have something to do ; but if we consider farther that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear anyone of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one

would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

L.

THE HEAD - DRESS.

No. 98. FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1711. [ADDISON.]

———Tanta est querendi cura decoris.

Juv. Sat. vi. 500.

So studiously their persons they adorn.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory I have known it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men.* The women were of such an enor-

* This refers to the commode (called by the French *fontange*), a kind of head-dress worn by the ladies at the beginning of the eighteenth century,

mous stature, that "we appeared as grasshoppers before them ;"* at present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn. Whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of ; or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new ; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret ; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans : I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads ; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects who raise such wonderful structures out of ribands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In Juvenal's

which by means of wire bore up the hair and fore part of the cap, consisting of many folds of fine lace, to a prodigious height. The transition from this to the opposite extreme was very abrupt and sudden.

* Numbers xiii. 33.

time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it :

“ Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput : Andromachen à fronte videbis ;
Post minor est : aliam credas.”

JUV. Sat. vi. 501.

“ With curls on curls they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow’r :
A giantess she seems ; but look behind,
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.”

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the head-dress aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century ; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a Pigmy without her head-dress, appeared like a Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur Paradin * says, “ That these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head ; that they were pointed like steeples ; and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.”

The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode ; and succeeded so well in it, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people ; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the

* Guillaume Paradin was a French writer of the sixteenth century, author of several voluminous histories. It is from his *Annales de Bourgoigne*, published in 1566, that the following passages are quoted.

clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution ; and, whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women, that like snails in a fright had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." This extravagance of the women's head-dresses in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'Argentre in his History of Bretagne,* and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for the making of laws against the exorbitance of power ; in the same manner an excessive head-dress may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face ; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with the curious organs of sense, giving it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing

* Paradin's History of Bretagne, p. 107. The danger of the excessive height of the head-dress, and the injury to the health, which it necessarily brings along with it, is also mentioned by the same author, in the same work, in the following manner :—" On ne se peut imaginer, combien de personnes ont été malades, et ont péri, par le mal de leur coiffe. On ne se peut imaginer, combien de personnes ont été malades, et ont péri, par le mal de leur coiffe. On ne se peut imaginer, combien de personnes ont été malades, et ont péri, par le mal de leur coiffe." The same author also mentions, in the same work, that the excessive height of the head-dress was the cause of the death of a king, and that the excessive height of the head-dress was the cause of the death of a king.

shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works ; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone-lace. L.

FAN EXERCISE.

No. 102. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1711. [ADDISON.]

———Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

PHÆDR. Fab. xiv. 3.

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it ; but as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle your fans, Unfurl your fans, Discharge

your fans, Ground your fans, Recover your fans, Flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

“But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this exercise, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to Handle their fans, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

“The next motion is that of Unfurling the fan, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that are seldom learned under a month’s practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst everyone in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

“Upon my giving the word to Discharge their fans, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the farther end of a room, who can now discharge a fan in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to show upon what subject the

crack of a fan may come in properly : I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind, which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

“ When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to Ground their fans. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table (which stands by for that purpose), may be learned in two days’ time as well as in a twelvemonth.

“ When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time ; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out Recover your fans. This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

“ The Fluttering of the fan is the last, and, indeed, the masterpiece of the whole exercise ; but if a lady does not misspend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and the hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise ; for as soon as ever I pronounce Flutter your fans, the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

“ There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan ; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked

it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it. To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations, compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled *The Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

“I am, &c.

“P.S. I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

“N.B. I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expense.” L.

ON GOOD BREEDING.

No. 119. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem*———.

VIRG.

The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good breeding, as they shew themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good breeding.

Several obliging deferences, condescensions and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us: nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good breeding shews itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half-an-hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when

I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was, perhaps, carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too still, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is naturally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relaxed by the first extreme: so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse, scoffing, and scolding words, in such a manner, that a sensible person often in company with them would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which, indeed, comes from the cocknobs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; but it is impossible for such a pernicious way of conversation to continue long, and that such a manner of speaking will be in a few years as common as the most polite and elegant. If the country gentlemen will continue to be so much in company with the town, good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be

thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behindhand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the Western Circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

L.

PARTY MALICE.

No. 125. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella :

Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

VIR.

*This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.*

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to enquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some con-

fusion, enquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane ; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he enquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country ; how they spoil good neighbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another ; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings ; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed ; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others ; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you. I might here

observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote ;* but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear sowerd with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations : an abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted

* Luke vi. 27—32.

truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have often been refuted, are the ordinary postulata of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn to pieces by the Guelfes and Gibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League : but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, *If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party ; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to

their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear : on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

C.

THE HOOP PETTICOAT.

No. 127. THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1711. [ADDISON.]

——Quantum est in rebus Inane ?

PERS.

How much of emptiness we find in things !

IT is our custom at Sir Roger's, upon the coming in of the post, to sit about a pot of coffee, and hear the old knight read Dyer's Letter ; which he does with his spectacles upon his nose, and in an audible voice, smiling very often at those little strokes of satire which are so frequent in the writings of that author. I afterwards communicate to the knight such packets as I receive under the quality of *Spectator*. The following letter chancing to please him more than ordinary, I shall publish it at his request :—

“ MR. SPECTATOR,

“ You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country, it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more : in short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the *Spec-*

tator, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses ; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they have made up in breadth, and contrary to all rules of architecture widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure. Were they, like Spanish jennets, to impregnate by the wind, they could not have thought on a more proper invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular use in this petticoat, or that it contains anything more than what was supposed to be in those of scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

“The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy and very proper for the season ; but this I look upon to be only a pretence, and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather ; besides, I would fain ask these tender-constituted ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them ?

“I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman’s honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of out-works and lines of circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whale-bone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etherege’s way of making love in a tub,* as in the midst of so many hoops.

“Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have t that it portends the downfall of

* Love in a Tub, Act iv. sc. 6.

the French king, and observe that the farthingale appeared in England a little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it.

“The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own thoughts for walking abroad when she was so near her time, but soon recovered myself out of my error, when I found all the modish part of the sex as far gone as herself. It is generally thought some crafty women have thus betrayed their companions into hoops, that they might make them accessory to their own concealments, and by that means escape the censure of the world; as wary generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen of their friends in their own habit, that they might not draw upon themselves any particular attacks of the enemy. The strutting petticoat smooths all distinctions, levels the mother with the daughter, and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon the same bottom. In the meanwhile I cannot but be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like big-bellied women.

“Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded that we should want street-room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened, and if the mode increase I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to), a man and his wife would fill a whole pew.

“You know, sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his direction were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happen to

sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette ; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand ; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe (for whilst I am in the country, I must fetch my allusions from thence) that only the male birds have voices ; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little after ; that whilst the hen is covering her eggs, the male generally takes his stand upon a neighbouring bough within her hearing ; and by that means amuses and diverts her with his songs during the whole time of her sitting.

This contract among birds lasts no longer than till a brood of young ones arises from it ; so that in the feathered kind, the cares and fatigues of the married state, if I may so call it, lie principally upon the female. On the contrary, as in our species the man and the woman are joined together for life, and the main burden rests upon the former, Nature has given all the little arts of soothing and blandishment to the female, that she may cheer and animate her companion in a constant and assiduous application to the making a provision for his family,

and the educating of their common children. This however is not to be taken so strictly, as if the same duties were not often reciprocal, and incumbent on both parties ; but only to set forth what seems to have been the general intention of Nature, in the different inclinations and endowments which are bestowed on the different sexes.

But whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old complaint, that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in everything but the sex. I do not know a finer piece of satire on this part of womankind, than those lines of Mr. Dryden :—

“ Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,
And empty noise ; and loves itself in man.”

This is a source of infinite calamities to the sex, as it frequently joins them to men who in their own thoughts are as fine creatures as themselves, or, if they chance to be good-humoured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes, inflame their follies, and aggravate their indiscretions.

The same female levity is no less fatal to them after marriage than before. It represents to their imaginations the faithful, prudent husband, as an honest, tractable, and domestic animal ; and turns their thoughts upon the fine gay gentleman that laughs, sings, and dresses so much more agreeably.

As this irregular vivacity of temper leads astray the hearts of ordinary women in the choice of their lovers and the treatment of their husbands, it operates with the same pernicious influence

towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating in the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she loved in her gallant ; and by that means contributes all she can to perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman ; and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that, when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues which are still extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into a speculation by the characters I have heard of a country gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town ; the husband a morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is overrun with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams ; the husband wonders how anyone can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fops and tawdry courtiers. Their children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds ; while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspasia ! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the

erful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the conversations of the wife.—Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspasia, nor Aspasia so much to be esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual air of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction. C.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

NO. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Est brevitatis opus, ut currat sententia.

HER. 1. SECT. X. 9.

Let brevity despatch the rapid thought.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman : for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries : as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is drawn much closer together and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors : for, to preserve our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our

towards their children, who are taught to accomplish themselves in all those sublime perfections that appear captivating the eye of their mother. She admires in her son what she looks in her gallant ; and by that means contributes all she can perpetuate herself in a worthless progeny.

The younger Faustina was a lively instance of this sort of women. Notwithstanding she was married to Marcus Aurelius, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of the Roman emperors, she thought a common gladiator much the prettier gentleman, and had taken such care to accomplish her son Commodus according to her own notions of a fine man, that, when he ascended the throne of his father, he became the most foolish and abandoned tyrant that was ever placed at the head of the Roman empire, signalizing himself in nothing but the fighting of prizes, and knocking out men's brains. As he had no taste of true glory, we see him in several medals and statues which are still extant of him, equipped like a Hercules, with a club and a lion's skin.

I have been led into a speculation by the characters I have heard of a country gentleman and his lady, who do not live many miles from Sir Roger. The wife is an old coquette, that is always hankering after the diversions of the town ; the husband a morose rustic, that frowns and frets at the name of it. The wife is overrun with affectation, the husband sunk into brutality. The lady cannot bear the noise of the larks and nightingales, hates your tedious summer days, and is sick at the sight of shady woods and purling streams ; the husband wonders how anyone can be pleased with the fooleries of plays and operas, and rails from morning to night at essenced fops and tawdry courtiers. Their children are educated in these different notions of their parents. The sons follow the father about his grounds ; while the daughters read volumes of love-letters and romances to their mother. By this means it comes to pass, that the girls look upon their father as a clown, and the boys think their mother no better than she should be.

How different are the lives of Aristus and Aspasia ! The innocent vivacity of the one is tempered and composed by the

cheerful gravity of the other. The wife grows wise by the discourses of the husband, and the husband good-humoured by the conversations of the wife.—Aristus would not be so amiable were it not for his Aspasia, nor Aspasia so much to be esteemed were it not for her Aristus. Their virtues are blended in their children, and diffuse through the whole family a perpetual spirit of benevolence, complacency, and satisfaction. C.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

No. 135. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia.

HOR. 1 Sat. x. 9.

Let brevity despatch the rapid thought.

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman : for my own part, I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons, I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries ; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors ; for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our

thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language.* As, first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch : those of other languages are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe that, where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation ; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as “liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator,” &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our præterperfect tense, as in the words “drown’d, walk’d, arriv’d,” for “drowned, walked, arrived,” which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men

* “Is it,” says Swift to Stella, in one of his letters, “the English tongue, or the English language?” The words in question are used here indiscriminately.

that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in ED, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced.* I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in "eth," by substituting an s in the room of the last syllable, as "drowns, walks, arrives," and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were "drowneth, walketh, arriveth." This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners, but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and cases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the "his" and "her" of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomised many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words in one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as "mayn't, can't, shan't, won't," and the like, for "may not, can not, shall not, will not," &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob. rep. pos. incog." and the like : and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they

* Probably Dean Swift, who has made the same observation in his proposal for improving the English tongue.

will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable.—Nick, in Italian, is Nicolini; Jack, in French, Janot; and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality in words, and that is, the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives, "whom, which, or they," at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy in languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might, perhaps, carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light, talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded

all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt, honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

C.

ON VALETUDINARIANS.

No. 143. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1711. [STEELE.]

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

MART. Epig. lxx. 6.

For life is only life, when blest with health.

It is an unreasonable thing some men expect of their acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of order, or displeased, or they know not how, and are so far from letting that be a reason for retiring to their own homes, that they make it their argument for coming into company. What has anybody to do with the accounts of a man's being indisposed but his physician? If a man laments in company where the rest are in humour enough to enjoy themselves, he should not take it ill if a servant is ordered to present him with a porringer of caudle or posset-drink by way of admonition that he go home to bed. That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation, is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will or good-humour among the friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends. If we would consider how little of this vicissitude of motion and rest, which we call life, is spent with satisfaction, we should be more tender

of our friends than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life ; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves until the meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended that we should be always sitting with chaplets of flowers round our heads, or be crowned with roses, in order to make our entertainment agreeable to us ; but if (as it is usually observed) they who resolve to be merry seldom are so ; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well-pleased if they are admitted who are always complaining they are sad. Whatever we do we should keep up the cheerfulness of our spirits, and never let them sink below an inclination at least to be well pleased. The way to this, is to keep our bodies in exercise, our minds at ease. That insipid state, wherein neither are in vigour, is not to be accounted any part of our portion of being. When we are in the satisfaction of some innocent pleasure, or pursuit of some laudable design, we are in the possession of life, of human life. Fortune will give us disappointments enough, and nature is attended with infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy side of our account by our spleen or ill-humour. Poor Cottilus,* among so many real evils, a chronical distemper and a narrow fortune, is never heard to complain. That equal spirit of his, which any man may have, that, like him, will conquer pride, vanity, and affectation, and follow nature, is not to be broken, because it has no points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what nature demands as necessary, if it is not the way to an estate, is the way to what men aim at by getting an estate. This temper will preserve health in the body as well as tranquillity in the mind. Cottilus sees the world in a hurry with the same scorn that a sober person sees a man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, says he, such a one have met with such a disappoint-

* The person alluded to under the name of Cottilus was probably Henry Martyn, who had a little house, perhaps called his Cot at Blackheath. He was bred to the bar, but though an able lawyer, his ill state of health prevented him, as we have already said, from practising.

ment? If another valued his mistress for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her power. If her virtue had had a part of his passion, her levity had been his cure; she could not then have been false and amiable at the same time.

Since we cannot promise ourselves constant health, let us endeavour at such a temper as may be our best support in the decay of it. Uranius* has arrived at that composure of soul, and wrought himself up to such a neglect of everything with which the generality of mankind is enchanted, that nothing but acute pains can give him disturbance, and against those too he will tell his intimate friends he has a secret which gives him present ease. Uranius is so thoroughly persuaded of another life, and endeavours so sincerely to secure an interest in it, that he looks upon pain but as a quickening of his pace to a home where he shall be better provided for than in his present apartment. Instead of the melancholy views which others are apt to give themselves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himself as such. He thinks at the time of his birth he entered into an eternal being; and the short article of death he will not allow an interruption of life, since that moment is not of half the duration as his ordinary sleep. Thus is his being one uniform and consistent series of cheerful diversions and moderate cares, without fear or hope of futurity.† Health to him is more than pleasure to another man, and sickness less affecting to him than indisposition is to others.

I must confess if one does not regard life after this manner, none but idiots can pass it away with any tolerable patience. Take a fine lady who is of delicate frame, and you may observe from the hour she rises, a certain weariness of all that passes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are sick of such strange frightful people that they meet; one is so awkward, and another so disagree-

* Uranius was probably John Hughes.

† Meaning that as he looks upon himself to be in a state of eternity, he no longer fears or hopes for what he is already, as it were, possessed of.

able, that it looks like a penance to breathe the same air with them. You see this is so very true, that a great part of ceremony and good-breeding among the ladies turns upon their uneasiness; and I'll undertake if the how-d'ye-servants of our women were to make a weekly bill of sickness, as the parish-clerks do of mortality, you would not find, in an account of seven days, one in thirty that was not downright sick or indisposed, or but a very little better than she was, and so forth.

It is certain that to enjoy life and health as a constant feast, we should not think pleasure necessary, but, if possible, to arrive at an equality of mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon occasions of good fortune, as to be dejected in circumstances of distress. Laughter in one condition is as unmanly as weeping in the other. We should not form our minds to expect transport on every occasion, but know how to make it enjoyment to be out of pain. Ambition, envy, vagrant desire, or impertinent mirth, will take up our minds, without we can possess ourselves in that sobriety of heart which is above all pleasures, and can be felt much better than described. But the ready way, I believe, to the right enjoyment of life, is by a prospect towards another, to have but a very mean opinion of it. A great author of our time* has set this in an excellent light, when with a philosophic pity of human life, he spoke of it in his *Theory of the Earth* in the following manner:—

“For what is this life but a circulation of little mean actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and undress, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles, and when the night comes we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, amongst dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us, and we are for the time as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls or in the

* Dr. Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter House and author of *Theoria Telluris*.

field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? And ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world. 'Tis at least a fair and noble chance; and there is nothing in this worth our thoughts or our passions. If we should be disappointed, we are still no worse than the rest of our fellow-mortals; and if we succeed in our expectations, we are eternally happy." T.

THE ART OF READING.

No. 147. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1711. [STEELE.]

Pronuntiatio est vocis et vultus et gestus moderatio cum venustate.

TULL.

Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The well-reading of the Common-Prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? a thing so public, and of so high consequence! It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of reading while boys, and at school, where, when they are get into Latin, they are looked upon as above the school, and none of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading: by this means they have acquired such ill-habits as will not easily be removed. The only way that I know of to remedy this, is to propose some person of great ability that way as a pattern for others, and by doing more effectual to convince the learned, as well as instruct the ignorant.

“You must know, Sir, I have been a constant frequenter of the service of the Church of England for above these four years last past, and till Sunday was seven-night never discovered, to so great a degree, the excellency of the Common-Prayer. When, being at St. James’s Garlick Hill * Church, I heard the service read so distinctly, so emphatically, and so fervently, that it was next to an impossibility to be unattentive. My eyes and my thoughts could not wander as usual, but were confined to my prayers. I then considered I addressed myself to the Almighty, and not to a beautiful face. And when I reflected on my former performances of that duty, I found I had run it over as a matter of form, in comparison to the manner in which I then discharged it. My mind was really affected, and fervent wishes accompanied my words. The Confession was read with such a resigned humility, the Absolution with such a comfortable authority, the Thanksgiving with such a religious joy as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner I never did before. To remedy therefore the grievance above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next and every annual assembly of the clergy of Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those that are afraid of stretching their mouths, and spoiling their soft voice, will learn to read with clearness, loudness, and strength : others that affect a rakish negligent air, by folding their arms and lolling on their book, will be taught a decent behaviour and comely erection of body : those that read so fast, as if impatient of their work, may learn to speak deliberately. There is another sort of persons whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to no set measure ; these pronounce five or six words with great deliberation, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great celerity : the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter part with a submissive one : sometimes again,

* Or Garlick-hithe. The rector of this parish at that time was one Philip Stubbs, afterwards archdeacon of St. Albans, whose excellent delivery was long remembered by the parishioners.

with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a very different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery, and all who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an indifferency as if they did not understand the language, may then be informed of the art of reading movingly and fervently, how to place the emphasis and give the proper accent to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a very great difference between the reading a prayer and a gazette, which I beg of you to inform a set of readers, who affect forsooth a certain gentleman-like familiarity of tone, and mend the language as they go on, crying, instead of 'pardoneth and absolveth,' 'pardons and absolves.' These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil or Martial with so little taste as they do divine service.

"This indifferency seems to me to arise from the endeavour of avoiding the imputation of cant, and the false notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the original and signification of this word. 'Cant' is by some people derived from one Andrew Cant, who, they say, was a Presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, alias gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect, that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master Cant's time, it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whinings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching like the unlearned of the Presbyterians. But I hope a proper elevation of voice, a due emphasis and accent are not to come within this description. So that our readers may still be as unlike the Presbyterians as they please. The Dissenters (I mean such as I have heard) do indeed elevate their voices, but it is with sudden jumps from the lower to the higher part of them; and that with so little sense or skill, that their elevation and cadence is bawling and muttering. They make use of an emphasis, but so improperly, that it is often placed on some very insignificant particle, as

upon 'if' or 'and.' Now if these improprieties have so great an effect upon the people, as we see they have, how great an influence would the service of our Church, containing the best prayers that ever were composed, and that in terms most affecting, most humble, and most expressive of our wants, and dependence on the object of our worship, disposed in most proper order, and void of all confusion : what influence, I say, would these prayers have, were they delivered with a due emphasis, and apposite rising and variation of voice, the sentence concluded with a gentle cadence, and, in a word, with such an accent and turn of speech as is peculiar to prayer.

"As the matter of worship is now managed in dissenting congregations, you find insignificant words and phrases raised by a lively vehemence : in our own churches, the most exalted sense depreciated by a dispassionate indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. S——e * say in his pulpit, of the Common-Prayer, that at least it was as perfect as any thing of human institution. If the gentlemen who err in this kind would please to recollect the many pleasantries they have read upon those who recite good things with an ill-grace, they would go on to think that what in that case is only ridiculous, in themselves is impious. But leaving this to their own reflections, I shall conclude this trouble with what Cæsar said upon the irregularity of tone in one who read before him, 'Do you read or sing ? If you sing, you sing very ill.'

"Your most humble servant."

T.

Probably Dr. Smalridge, Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

No. 159. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
 Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
 Caligat, nubem eripiam—

VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
 Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
 I will remove—

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

“On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, ‘Surely,’ said I, ‘man is but a shadow, and life a dream.’ Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius ; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life : consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and

left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet

seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. 'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'Man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The Genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,'

said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore : there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them : every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for ? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence ? Think not man was made in vain, who has staid an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me, now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of judgment. The Genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me : I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating ; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched billow, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

C.

GOOD-NATURE.

No. 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Sic vita erat, facile omnes perferre ac pati :
 Cum quibus erat cunque unâ, his sese dedere,
 Eorum obsequi studiis : advorsus nemini ;
 Nunquam præponens se aliis : ita facillimè
 Sine invidia invenias laudem—*

TER. Andr. Act i. Sc. 1.

His manner of life was this : to bear with every body's humours ; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with ; to contradict nobody ; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been

to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we by the word good-breeding. For if we examine only the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper forced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature ; but, without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us : health, prosperity and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it ; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him ; and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life.* Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to Him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means becomes beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights,† Cæsar's

* De Cyri Instit. lib. viii. cap. vi.

† Bell. Catil. c. liv.

GOOD-NATURE.

No. 169. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1711. [ADD

*Sic vita erat, facile omnes perferre ac pati :
Cum quibus erat cunque unâ, his sese dedere,
Eorum obsequi studiis : advorsus nemini ;
Nunquam præponens se aliis : ita facillimè
Sine invidia invenias laudem—*

TER. Andr. Act i. Sc. 1.

His manner of life was this : to bear with every body's humours ; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with ; to contradict nobody ; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been

forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature ; but, without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us : health, prosperity and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it where they find it ; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him ; and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life.* Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to Him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means becomes beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

In that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights,† Cæsar's

* De Cyri Instit. lib. viii. cap. vi.

† Bell. Catil. c. liv.

character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it showed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependents, the guilty or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being, who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works ; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid, severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life ; for in the public administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons : First, because ill-nature among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist. This may be one reason why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print ; the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is wit and what is ill-nature.

Another reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in ; he

exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

L.

ON JEALOUSY.

No. 170. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1711. [ADDISON.]

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia : injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitia, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum——

TER. Eun.

In love are all these ills : suspicions, quarrels,
Wrongs, reconcilements, war and peace again.

UPON looking over the letters of my female correspondents, I find several from women complaining of jealous husbands, and at the same time protesting their own innocence; and desiring my advice on this occasion. I shall, therefore, take this subject into my consideration, and the more willingly because I find that the Marquis of Halifax, who, in his *Advice to a Daughter*,* has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward passions and in-

* "*Miscellanies* by the Marquis of Halifax" (George Saville, who died in 1695; not to be confounded with the *Earl* of Halifax, the financier and poet, who died in 1715).

clinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: his pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with anything less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real and the satisfaction mutual. For the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves: he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts; and is angry at everything she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

Phædria's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut sies :
 Dies, noctesque me ames : me desideres :
 Me somnies : me expectes : de me cogites :
 Me speres : me te oblectes : mecum tota sis :
 Meus fac sis postremo animus, quando ego sum tuus.

TER. Eun.*

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all he takes into its own nourishment. A cool

* When you are in company with that soldier, behave as if you were absent; but continue to love me by day and by night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with me: in short, be my very soul, as I am yours.

behaviour sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be cheerful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two reasons, because it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honourable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavour to soothe and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise, perhaps, have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has, therefore, nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that directed the wise man in his advice to husbands: "Be not jealous over

the wife of thy bosom, and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself." *

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance, and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions; and of these we may find three kinds who are most overrun with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of an **infirmit**y, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and everything that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance, or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with

* Ecclus. ix. 1.

men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising: they generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others: so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. They are therefore, bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her disguises and whifflings, and are too well acquainted to be so easily deceived, or to be shing off by any false pretences or doubles: besides, their acquaintance and conversation has led them to know the secret springs of her conduct, and that she is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they meet with one of these prejudiced and enter in a favourable opinion of some woman, yet their own looks and looks will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe again subject to the same inclinations of themselves.

What for this cause the people's perceptions are so much altered, we learn from the modern Histories of America, as well as from our own country. In the latter part of the last century, the Indians were not only suspected, but generally accounted for the most treacherous and malicious of all the human race. I have seen several of our women, who were brought up among the Indians, and had learned the rudiments of their language, and were conversant with the people, who were afterwards brought back to their own country,

the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disordered with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to show by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults, indeed, are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt: besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavours will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy as is well worth separating. But this shall be the subject of another paper. L.

THE JEALOUS MAN.

No. 171. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Credula res amor est—

OVID. Met. vii. 826.

Love is a credulous passion.

HAVING in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to my fair correspondents, who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does

not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded, as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shows you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shows that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia:—

“ Quam tu, Lydia, Telephi
 Cervicem roseam, cerea Telephi
 Laudas brachia; vae! meum
 Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
 Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
 Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
 Furtim labitur, arguens
 Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.”
 1 Od. xiii. 1.

“ When Telephus his youthful charms,
 His rosy neck and winding arms,
 With endless rapture you recite,
 And in the pleasing name delight;
 My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
 With numberless resentments beats;
 From my pale cheek the colour flies,
 And all the man within me dies,
 By turns my hidden grief appears
 In rising sighs and falling tears,
 That show too well the warm desires,
 The silent, slow, consuming fires,
 Which on my inmost vitals prey,
 And melt my very soul away.”

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another: but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm which he believes has power to raise it: and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had

other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in your light upon your actions, to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and, if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confidant, and, where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern that you preserve the character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece : for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest : his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aching heart, and triumph in their charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness :—

“ *Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis gaudet amantis.*”

JUV. Sat. vi. 208.

“ *Tho’ equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
A lover’s torments give her spiteful joy.*”

But these often carry the humour so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and

scorn that is due to so insolent a behaviour. On the contrary, it is very probable a melancholy, dejected carriage, the usual effects of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private, either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue. This is, to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will besides feel something like the satisfaction of a revenge in seeing you undergo all his own tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Josephus;* which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman; and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony,

* Antiquities of the Jews, book xv. chap. 3.

who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom, therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavoured with all his heart and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him, which plainly showed according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of a wild unreasonable passion quite put out, for a time, those little remains of affection she still had for her lord. For now her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them; and therefore represented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but, before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's conversation and familiarity with her in his absence. This therefore was the first discourse he entertained with her, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when, amidst all his sighs and languishings, she asked him whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovered such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed upon himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Ægypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle if any mischief befel himself. In the meanwhile Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him with which Herod had entrusted him ; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent return of love upon him : Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments ; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her ; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack ; who in the extremity of his tortures confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her ; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him, on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here ; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life ; and, by his authority with the judges, had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his

Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits ; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

I.

THE HEN-PECKED.

No. 176. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1711. [STEELE.]

Parvula, pumilio, *χαρίτων μὲν*, tota merum sal.

LUCR. iv. 1155.

A little pretty, witty, charming she !

THERE are in the following letter matters, which I, a bachelor, cannot be supposed to be acquainted with : therefore shall not pretend to explain upon it till farther consideration, but leave the author of the epistle to express his condition his own way.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I do not deny but you appear in many of your papers to understand human life pretty well ; but there are very many things which you cannot possibly have a true notion of in a single life ; these are such as respect the married state ; otherwise I cannot account for your having overlooked a very good sort of people, which are commonly called in scorn “the Hen-pecked.” You are to understand that I am one of those innocent mortals who suffer derision under that word, for being governed by the best of wives. It would be worth your consideration to enter into the nature of affection itself, and tell us, according to your philosophy, why it is that our dears shall do what they will with us, shall be froward, ill-natured, assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail, then swoon away, then come to life, have the use of speech to the greatest fluency imaginable, and then sink away again, and all because they

fear we do not love them enough ; that is, the poor things love us so heartily, that they cannot think it possible we should be able to love them in so great a degree, which makes them take on so. I say, Sir, a true good-natured man, whom rakes and libertines call hen-pecked, shall fall into all these different moods with his dear life, and at the same time see they are wholly put on ; and yet not be hard-hearted enough to tell the dear good creature that she is a hypocrite.

“ This sort of good man is very frequent in the populous and wealthy city of London, and is the true hen-pecked man. The kind creature cannot break through his kindnesses so far as to come to an explanation with the tender soul, and therefore goes on to comfort her when nothing ails her, to appease her when she is not angry, and to give her his cash when he knows she does not want it ; rather than be uneasy for a whole month, which is computed by hard-hearted men the space of time which a froward woman takes to come to herself, if you have courage to stand out.

“ There are indeed several other species of the hen-pecked, and in my opinion they are certainly the best subjects the queen has ; and for that reason I take it to be your duty to keep us above contempt.

“ I do not know whether I make myself understood in the representation of a hen-pecked life, but I shall take leave to give you an account of myself, and my own spouse. You are to know that I am reckoned no fool, have on several occasions been tried whether I will take ill-usage, and the event has been to my advantage ; and yet there is not such a slave in Turkey as I am to my dear. She has a good share of wit, and is what you call a very pretty agreeable woman. I perfectly doat on her, and my affection to her gives me all the anxieties imaginable but that of jealousy. My being thus confident of her, I take, as much as I can judge of my heart, to be the reason that whatever she does, though it be never so much against my inclination, there is still left something in her manner that is amiable. She will sometimes look at me with an assumed grandeur, and pretend to resent that I have not had respect

enough for her opinion in such an instance in company. I cannot but smile at the pretty anger she is in, and then she pretends she is used like a child. In a word, our great debate is, which has the superiority in point of understanding. She is eternally forming an argument of debate ; to which I very indolently answer, 'Thou art mighty pretty.' To this she answers, 'All the world but you think I have as much sense as yourself.' I repeat to her, 'Indeed you are pretty.' Upon this there is no patience ; she will throw down any thing about her, stamp and pull off her head-clothes. 'Fye, my dear,' say I ; 'how can a woman of your sense fall into such an intemperate rage ?' This is an argument that never fails. 'Indeed, my dear,' says she, 'you make me mad sometimes, so you do, with the silly way you have of treating me like a pretty idiot.' Well, what have I got by putting her into good humour ? Nothing, but that I must convince her of my good opinion by my practice ; and then I am to give her possession of my little ready money, and, for a day-and-a-half following, dislike all she dislikes, and extol everything she approves. I am so exquisitely fond of this darling, that I seldom see any of my friends, am uneasy in all companies till I see her again ; and when I come home she is in the dumps, because she says she is sure I came so soon only because I think her handsome. I dare not upon this occasion laugh ; but though I am one of the warmest churchmen in the kingdom, I am forced to rail at the times because she is a violent Whig. Upon this we talk politics so long, that she is convinced I kiss her for her wisdom. It is a common practice with me to ask her some question concerning the constitution, which she answers me in general out of Harrington's *Oceana*.* Then I commend her strange memory, and her arm is immediately locked in mine. While I keep her in this temper she plays before me, sometimes dancing in the midst of the room, sometimes striking an air at her spinnet, varying her posture and her charms in such a manner that I

* The Commonwealth of Oceana, by James Harrington, published in 1656. A political romance, in which the author exhibits a complete model of republican government, and opposes it to every other form of civil polity.

am in continual pleasure. She will play the fool if I allow her to be wise ; but if she suspects I like her for her trifling, she immediately grows grave.

“These are the toils in which I am taken, and I carry off my servitude as well as most men ; but my application to you is in behalf of the henpecked in general ; and I desire a dissertation from you in defence of us. You have, as I am informed, very good authorities in our favour, and hope you will not omit the mention of the renowned Socrates, and his philosophic resignation to his wife Xantippe. This would be a very good office to the world in general ; for the hen-pecked are powerful in their quality and numbers, not only in cities, but in courts : in the latter they are ever the most obsequious ; in the former, the most wealthy of all men. When you have considered wedlock thoroughly, you ought to enter into the suburbs of matrimony, and give us an account of the thralldom of kind keepers and irresolute lovers ; the keepers who cannot quit their fair ones, though they see their approaching ruin ; the lovers, who dare not marry, though they know they shall never be happy without the mistresses whom they cannot purchase on other terms.

“What will be a great embellishment to your discourse will be, that you may find instances of the haughty, the proud, the frolic, the stubborn, who are each of them in secret downright slaves to their wives or mistresses. I must beg of you in the last place to dwell upon this, that the wise and valiant in all ages have been hen-pecked ; and that the sturdy tempers who are not slaves to affection, owe that exemption to their being enthralled by ambition, avarice, or some meaner passion. I have ten thousand thousand things more to say, but my wife sees me writing, and will, according to custom, be consulted if I do not seal this immediately.

‘Yours, NATHANIEL HENROOST.’

T.

CONJUGAL MORALITY.

No. 178. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1711. [STEELE.]

Comis in uxorem—

HOR. 2 Ep. ii. 133.

Civil to his wife.

I CANNOT defer taking notice of this letter.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I am but too good a judge of your paper of the 15th instant, which is a masterpiece ; I mean that of jealousy : but I think it unworthy of you to speak of that torture in the breast of a man, and not to mention also the pangs of it in the heart of a woman. You have very judiciously, and with the greatest penetration imaginable, considered it, as woman is the creature of whom the diffidence is raised ; but not a word of a man who is so unmerciful as to move jealousy in his wife, and not care whether she is so or not. It is possible you may not believe there are such tyrants in the world ; but, alas ! I can tell you of a man who is ever out of humour in his wife’s company, and the pleasantest man in the world everywhere else ; the greatest sloven at home when he appears to none but his family, and most exactly well-dressed in all other places. Alas, sir ! is it of course, that to deliver one’s self wholly into a man’s power, without possibility of appeal to any other jurisdiction but his own reflections, is so little an obligation to a gentleman, that he can be offended and fall into a rage, because my heart swells tears into my eyes when I see him in a cloudy mood ? I pretend to no succour, and hope for no relief but from himself ; and yet he that has sense and justice in everything else, never reflects, that to come home only to sleep off an intemperance, and spend all the time he is there as if it were a punishment, cannot but give the anguish of a jealous mind. He always leaves his home as if he were going to court, and returns as if he were entering a

jail. I could add to this, that from his company and his usual discourse, he does not scruple being thought an abandoned man, as to his morals. Your own imagination will say enough to you concerning the condition of me his wife ; and I wish you would be so good as to represent to him, for he is not ill-natured, and reads you much, that the moment I hear the door shut after him I throw myself upon my bed, and drown the child he is so fond of with my tears, and often frighten it with my cries ; that I curse my being ; that I run to my glass all over bathed in sorrows, and help the utterance of my inward anguish by beholding the gush of my own calamities as my tears fall from my eyes. This looks like an imagined picture to tell you, but indeed this is one of my pastimes. Hitherto I have only told you the general temper of my mind ; but how shall I give you an account of the distraction of it ? Could you but conceive how cruel I am one moment in my resentment, and at the ensuing minute, when I place him in the condition my anger would bring him to, how compassionate ; it would give you some notion how miserable I am, and how little I deserve it. When I remonstrate with the greatest gentleness that is possible against unhandsome appearances, and that married persons are under particular rules ; when he is in the best humour to receive this, I am answered only, That I expose my own reputation and sense if I appear jealous. I wish, good sir, you would take this into serious consideration, and admonish husbands and wives what terms they ought to keep towards each other. Your thoughts on this important subject will have the greatest reward—that which descends on such as feel the sorrows of the afflicted. Give me leave to subscribe myself,

“ Your affectionate humble Servant,

“ CELINDA.”

I had it in my thoughts, before I received the letter of this lady, to consider this dreadful passion in the mind of a woman ; and the smart she seems to feel does not abate the inclination I had to recommend to husbands a more regular behaviour, than to give the most exquisite of torments to those who love

them, nay whose torment would be abated if they did not love them.

It is wonderful to observe how little is made of this inexpressible injury, and how easily men get into an habit of being least agreeable, where they are most obliged to be so. But this subject deserves a distinct speculation, and I shall observe for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pair I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a system of conjugal morality. I design in the first place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of an husband. When he was a bachelor, much business made him particularly negligent in his habit ; but now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person. One who asked why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered : “ Because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty.”

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together ; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an allegiance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself till she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute, and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded, thinks such a perseverance very impracticable.

“ HUSBAND,

“ Stay more at home. I know where you visited at seven o'clock on Thursday evening. The colonel, whom you charged me to see no more, is in town.

“ MARTHA HOUSEWIFE.”

T.

ON ZEAL.

No. 185. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*VIRG. *Æn.* i. 15.

And dwells such fury in celestial breasts?

THERE is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are so many passions which hide themselves under it, and so many mischiefs arising from it, that some have gone so far as to say it would have been for the benefit of mankind if it had never been reckoned in the catalogue of virtues. It is certain, where it is once laudable and prudential, it is an hundred times criminal and erroneous; nor can it be otherwise, if we consider that it operates with equal violence in all religions, however opposite they may be to one another, and in all the subdivisions of each religion in particular.

We are told by some of the Jewish rabbins, that the first murder was occasioned by a religious controversy; and if we had the whole history of zeal from the days of Cain to our own times, we should see it filled with so many scenes of slaughter and bloodshed as would make a wise man very careful how he suffers himself to be actuated by such a principle, when it only regards matters of opinion and speculation.

I would have every zealous man examine his heart thoroughly, and I believe he will often find that what he calls a zeal for his religion is either pride, interest, or ill-nature. A man who differs from another in opinion, sets himself above him in his own judgment, and in several particulars pretends to be the wiser person. This is a great provocation to the proud man, and gives a very keen edge to what he calls his zeal. And that this is the case very often, we may observe from the behaviour of some of the most zealous for orthodoxy, who have often great friendships and intimacies with vicious immoral men, provided they do but agree with them in the same scheme of

belief. The reason is, because the vicious believer gives the precedency to the virtuous man, and allows the good Christian to be the worthier person, at the same time that he cannot come up to his perfections. This we find exemplified in that trite passage which we see quoted in almost every system of ethics, though upon another occasion :

—“*Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor*—”

OVID. Met. vii. 20.

“I see the right, and I approve it too ;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.”

On the contrary, it is certain if our zeal were true and genuine, we should be much more angry with a sinner than a heretic ; since there are several cases which may excuse the latter before his great Judge, but none which can excuse the former.

Interest is likewise a great inflamer, and sets a man on persecution under the cover of zeal. For this reason we find none are so forward to promote the true worship by fire and sword as those who find their present account in it. But I shall extend the word interest to a larger meaning than what is generally given it, as it relates to our spiritual safety and welfare as well as to our temporal. A man is glad to gain numbers on his side, as they serve to strengthen him in his private opinions. Every proselyte is like a new argument for the establishment of his faith. It makes him believe that his principles carry conviction with them, and are the more likely to be true, when he finds they are conformable to the reason of others, as well as to his own. And that this temper of mind deludes a man very often into an opinion of his zeal, may appear from the common behaviour of the atheist, who maintains and spreads his opinions with as much heat as those who believe they do it only out of a passion for God's glory.

Ill-nature is another dreadful imitator of zeal. Many a good man may have a natural rancour and malice in his heart, which has been in some measure quelled and subdued by religion ; but if it finds any pretence of breaking out, which does not seem to him inconsistent with the duties of a Christian, it

throws off all restraint, and rages in its full fury. Zeal is therefore a great ease to a malicious man, by making him believe he does God service, whilst he is gratifying the bent of a perverse revengeful temper. For this reason we find, that most of the massacres and devastations which have been in the world have taken their rise from a furious pretended zeal.

I love to see a man zealous in a good matter, and especially when his zeal shows itself for advancing morality, and promoting the happiness of mankind. But when I find the instruments he works with are racks and gibbets, galleys and dungeons; when he imprisons men's persons, confiscates their estates, ruins their families, and burns the body to save the soul, I cannot stick to pronounce of such a one, that (whatever he may think of his faith and religion) his faith is in vain, and his religion unprofitable.

After having treated of these false zealots in religion, I cannot forbear mentioning a monstrous species of men, who one would not think had any existence in nature, were they not to be met with in ordinary conversation: I mean, the zealots in atheism. One would fancy that these men, though they fall short in every other respect of those who make a profession of religion, would at least outshine them in this particular, and be exempt from that single fault which seems to grow out of the imprudent fervours of religion. But so it is, that infidelity is propagated with as much fierceness and contention, wrath and indignation, as if the safety of mankind depended upon it. There is something so ridiculous and perverse in this kind of zealots, that one does not know how to say more of their perverseness. They are sort of hypocrites, who are continually upon the fret though they play for nothing. They are perpetually teasing their friends to come over to them, though at the same time they all condemn religion of themselves, and yet they by the bargain. In short, the zeal of open infidelity is, as possible, the most pernicious and mischievous.

Since I have mentioned these two sorts of zealots, it may appear in atheists and infidels, I must then add some words of

are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded to opinions full of contradiction and impossibility, and at the same time look upon the smallest difficulty in an article of faith as a sufficient reason for rejecting it. Notions that fall in with the common reason of mankind, that are conformable to the sense of all ages and all nations, not to mention their tendency for promoting the happiness of societies or of particular persons, are exploded as errors and prejudices ; and schemes erected in their stead that are altogether monstrous and irrational, and require the most extravagant credulity to embrace them. I would fain ask one of these bigoted infidels, supposing all the great points of atheism, as the casual or eternal formation of the world, the materiality of a thinking substance, the mortality of the soul, the fortuitous organization of the body, the motions and gravitation of matter, with the like particulars, were laid together and formed into a kind of creed, according to the opinions of the most celebrated atheists ; I say, supposing such a creed as this were formed, and imposed upon any one people in the world, whether it would not require an infinitely greater measure of faith, than any set of articles which they so violently oppose. Let me therefore advise this generation of wranglers, for their own and for the public good, to act at least so consistently with themselves as not to burn with zeal for irreligion, and with bigotry for nonsense.

C.

TEMPERANCE.

No. 195. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1711. [ADDISON.]

*Νήπιοι οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἡμῖν παντός ·**Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε δὲ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ.*

HES. Oper. & Dier. l. i. 40.

Fools not to know that half exceeds the whole,
How blest the sparing meal and temperate bowl.

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method. He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs ; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly-prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat : when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation. I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which

every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them ; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them ; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour ; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health ; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chace ; and that men lived longest, when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate ; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are for the most part nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him.* What would that philosopher have said had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal ? Would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh, swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices ; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections, and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours ? What unnatural motions and counter

* Laert. Vitæ Philosoph. lib. vi. cap. 2.

ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsical fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lurking in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal but man keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of the species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon everything that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excellence of the earth, scarce a berry or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. "Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking anything strong, until you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple." A man could not be well guilty of gluttony if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor, in the second, any artificial provocatives to relieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by sir William Temple; "The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good-humour, and the fourth for mine enemies." But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with

hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties ; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that, abstinence well-timed often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors,* that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands ; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

And here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing it with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian ; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution until about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health ; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title

* Diogenes Laertius in Vit. Socrates.—Elian in Var. Hist. lib. 13, cap. 27, &c.

of "Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life." He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it ; and, after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

Having designed this paper as the sequel to that upon exercise, I have not here considered temperance as it is a moral virtue, which I shall make the subject of a future speculation, but only as it is the means of health.

L.

TRUE DEVOTION.

No. 201. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1711. [ADDISON.

Religntem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.

Incerti Autoris apud Aul. Gell.

A man should be religious, not superstitious.

IT is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without devotion, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue ; and is rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science ;

and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour anything that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior being for succour in dangers and distresses, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which rises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of adoration, plainly show that devotion or religious worship must be the effect of a tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes : but whichever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of devotion which are taught us by Christianity ; but shall here observe into what errors even this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken devotion may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with a religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, though with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature ; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of devotion, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a

more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since devotion itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

Devotion, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her devotions, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures, and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in devotion, superstition is the excess not only of devotion, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by Aulus Gellius, "*Religentem esse oportet, religiosum nefas*;" "A man should be religious, not superstitious." For, as that author tells us, Nigidius observed upon this passage, that the Latin words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.*

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of England have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the Roman catholic religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The Roman catholic church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded.

* *Noctes Atticæ*, lib. iv. cap. 9.

On the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A Gothic bishop perhaps thought it proper to repeat such a form in such particular shoes or slippers ; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public devotions were performed with a mitre on his head and a crosier in his hand. To this a brother Vandal, as wise as the others, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies ; but, instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the pope officiate at St. Peter's, where for two hours together he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety ; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion ; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.

L.

FEMALE SOULS.

No. 209. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Γυναικὸς οὐδὲ χρῆμ' ἀνὴρ ληίζεται
 Ἐσθλῆς ἄμεινον, οὐδὲ δόλιον κακῆς.

SIMONIDES.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife ;
 A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with, than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers ; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind, under these changeable colours, is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue ; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points ; to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession ; and rectify that narrowness of temper which inclines us to think amiss of those who differ from ourselves.

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity ; and, the more we come downward towards our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good-breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

Among the writers of antiquity, there are none who instruct us more openly in the manners of their respective times in which they lived, than those who have employed themselves in

satire, under what dress soever it may appear ; as there are no other authors whose province it is to enter so directly into the ways of men, and set their miscarriages in so strong a light.

Simonides,* a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, author of the oldest satire that is now extant ; and, as some say, of the first that was ever written. This poet flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy ; and shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred and sixty-first speculation, that the rule of observing what the French call the *Bienveillance* in an allusion, has been found out of later years ; and that the ancients, provided there was a likeness in their similitudes, did not much trouble themselves about the decency of the comparison. The satires or iambics of Simonides, with which I shall entertain my readers in the present paper, are a remarkable instance of what I formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is woman. He describes the sex in their several characters, which he derives to them from a fanciful supposition raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements ; and that their good or bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author very faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear), at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding any thing of my own. I have already apologized for this author's want of delicacy, and must farther premise, that the following satire affects only some of the lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not so common in the age of this poet.

“In the beginning God made the souls of womankind out

* He was the contemporary of Æschylus, and of his poems only fragments remain.

of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies.

“The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a slut in her house, and a glutton at her table. She is uncleanly in her person, a slattern in her dress, and her family is no better than a dunghill.

“A second sort of female soul was formed out of the same materials that enter into the composition of a fox. Such an one is what we call a notable discerning woman, who has an insight into every thing whether it be good or bad. In this species of females there are some virtuous and some vicious.

“A third kind of women were made up of canine particles. These are what we commonly call scolds, who imitate the animals out of which they were taken, that are always busy and barking, that snarl at every one who comes in their way, and live in perpetual clamour.

“The fourth kind of women were made out of the earth. These are your sluggards, who pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, hover over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

“The fifth species of females were made out of the sea. These are women of variable uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempests, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The stranger who sees one of these in her smiles and smoothness, would cry her up for a miracle of good-humour; but on a sudden her looks and words are changed, she is nothing but fury and outrage, noise and hurricane.

“The sixth species were made up of the ingredients which compose an ass, or a beast of burden. These are naturally exceeding slothful, but, upon the husband's exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do every thing to please him. They are, however, far from being averse to venereal pleasure, and seldom refuse a male companion.

“The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of a melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their

husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

“The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to any servile toil and labour, composed an eighth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands ; who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming ; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up with the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

“The ninth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavour to detract from or ridicule every thing which appears so in others.

“The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee ; and happy is the man who gets such an one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes away her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man.”

I shall conclude these iambics with the motto of this paper, which is a fragment of the same author : “A man cannot possess any thing that is better than a good woman, nor any thing that is worse than a bad one.”

As the poet has shown great penetration in this diversity of female characters, he has avoided the fault which Juvenal and Monsieur Boileau are guilty of, the former in his sixth, and the other in his last satire, where they have endeavoured to expose the sex in general, without doing justice to the valuable part of it. Such levelling satires are of no use to the world ; and

for this reason I have often wondered how the French author, above-mentioned, who was a man of exquisite judgment, and a lover of virtue, could think human nature a proper subject for satire in another of his celebrated pieces, which is called *The Satire upon Man*. What vice or frailty can a discourse correct which censures the whole species alike, and endeavours to show, by some superficial strokes of wit, that brutes are the more excellent creatures of the two? A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those who are, and those who are not the proper object of it.

L.

PATRON AND CLIENT.

No. 214. MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1711. [STEELE.]

——— *Perierunt tempora longi*
Servitii———

Juv. Sat. iii. 124.

A long dependence in an hour is lost.

I DID some time ago lay before the world the unhappy condition of the trading part of mankind who suffer by want of punctuality in the dealings of persons above them: but there is a set of men who are much more the objects of compassion than even those; and these are the dependants on great men, whom they are pleased to take under their protection as such as are to share in their friendship and favour. These indeed, as well from the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors; and these debts, being debts of honour, ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be first discharged.

When I speak of dependants, I would not be understood to mean those who are worthless in themselves, or who, without any call, will press into the company of their betters. Nor, when I speak of patrons, do I mean those who either have it

not in their power, or have no obligation to assist their friends ; but I speak of such leagues where there is power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other.

The division of patron and client may, I believe, include a third of our nation ; the want of merit and real worth in the client, will strike out about ninety-nine in a hundred of these ; and the want of ability in patrons, as many of that kind. But, however, I must beg leave to say, that he who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him. Of the few of the class which I think fit to consider, there are not two in ten who succeed, insomuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was made him of his being received as a page to a man of quality.* There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from those great services ; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses, or their lives ; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of anything.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a man, who has

* As the keeping of pages was a piece of state, now disused by our aristocracy, a short account of this order of attendants may be acceptable. Pages were generally the sons of the inferior gentry, who were taken very young into the families of their lords ; where they were considered upon a very reputable footing. They wore a livery of the same colours as the footmen, but of richer materials ; as gold and silver lace where the others had worsted, silk instead of cloth, &c. They were the immediate attendants on their lord's person, to whom they delivered all letters and messages ; no inferior servant being suffered to approach him : at table they stood behind his chair, and presented him with the cup, plate, &c., which they received at the hands of the footmen. In return, their lord took care of their education ; and when they grew up towards manhood (at which time they were supposed to be superannuated for this office), he was expected to provide for them liberally.

got into a considerable station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your Fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This perhaps may be your condition all the while he bears office, and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, lose minutes, hours, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regarded, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before. Thus they despise their old friends and strive to extend their interest to new pretenders. By this means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man may perhaps grow out of humour. If you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are an humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing anything with great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable, or agreeable. The former is not to be attained but by finding a way

to live without them, or concealing that you want them ; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be possessed of such qualities and accomplishments as should render you agreeable in yourself, but such as make you agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservience, to his vices, must be the measures of your conduct.

When it comes to that, the unnatural state a man lives in, when the patron pleases, is ended ; and his guilt and complaisance are objected to him, though the man who rejects him for his vices was not only his partner, but seducer. Thus the client (like a young woman who has given up the innocence which made her charming) has not only lost his time, but also the virtue which could render him capable of resenting the injury which is done to him.

It would be endless to recount the tricks of turning you off from themselves to persons who have less power to serve you, the art of being sorry for such an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, that such a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of you) opposes your advancement ; and if you have anything more than ordinary in you, you are flattered with a whisper, that it is no wonder people are so slow in doing for a man of your talents, and the like.

After all this treatment, I must still add the pleasantest insolence of all, which I have once or twice seen ; to wit, that when a silly rogue has thrown away one part in three of his life in unprofitable attendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he withdraws, and is resolved to employ the rest for himself.

When we consider these things, and reflect upon so many honest natures (which one, who makes observation of what passes, may have seen) that have miscarried by such sort of applications, it is too melancholy a scene to dwell upon ; therefore I shall take another opportunity to discourse of good

patrons, and distinguish such as have done their duty to those who have depended upon them, and were not able to act without their favour. Worthy patrons are like Plato's Guardian Angels, who are always doing good to their wards; but negligent patrons are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on the clouds, and instead of blessings, pour down storms and tempests on the heads of those that are offering incense to them.

T.

PRE-EMINENCE.

No. 219. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Vix ea nostra voco.—

OVID. MET. xiii. 141.

These I scarce call our own.

THERE are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is a kind of grandeur and respect which the meanest and most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of admirers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodise them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over

another may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is that which consists in birth, title, or riches ; and is the most foreign to our natures, and what we can the least call our own of any of the three kinds of quality. In relation to the body, quality arises from health, strength, or beauty ; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. Quality, as it regards the mind, has its rise from knowledge or virtue ; and is that which is more essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two.

The quality of fortune, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the body or mind, is however the kind of quality which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find in titles an intimation of some particular merit that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess. Holiness is ascribed to the pope ; majesty to kings ; serenity or mildness of temper to princes ; excellence or perfection to ambassadors ; grace to archbishops ; honour to peers ; worship or venerable behaviour to magistrates ; and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

In the founders of great families such attributes of honour are generally correspondent with the virtues of that person to whom they are applied ; but in the descendants they are too often the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost.

The death-bed shows the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on ; and is asked by a grave attendant how his holiness does. Another hears himself addressed to under the title of highness or excellency, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality as are the disgrace of human nature. Titles at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.

The truth of it is, honours are in this world under no regulation; true quality is neglected, virtue is oppressed, and vice triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right.

Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity.

Men in scripture are called strangers and sojourners upon earth, and life a pilgrimage. Several heathen, as well as Christian authors, under the same kind of metaphor, have represented the world as an inn, which was only designed to furnish us with accommodations in this our passage. It is therefore very absurd to think of setting up our rest before we come to our journey's end, and not rather to take care of the reception we shall there meet, than to fix our thoughts on the little conveniences and advantages which we enjoy one above another in the way to it.

Epictetus makes use of another kind of allusion, which is very beautiful, and wonderfully proper to incline us to be satisfied with the post in which Providence has placed us. We are here, says he, as in a theatre, where every one has a part allotted to him. The great duty which lies upon a man is to act his part in perfection. We may indeed say, that our part does not suit us, and that we could act another better. But this, says the philosopher, is not our business. All that we are concerned in is to excel in the part which is given us. If it be an improper one, the fault is not in us, but in Him who has cast our several parts, and is the great disposer of the drama.*

The part that was acted by this philosopher himself was but a very indifferent one; for he lived and died a slave. His motive to contentment in this particular, receives a very great enforcement from the above-mentioned consideration, if we

* See Epicteti Enchirid. cap. 23.

remember that our parts in the other world will be new cast, and that mankind will be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them.

There are many beautiful passages in the little apocryphal book, intitled *The Wisdom of Solomon*, to set forth the vanity of honour, and the like temporal blessings which are in so great repute among men, and to comfort those who have not the possession of them. It represents in very warm and noble terms this advancement of a good man in the other world, and the great surprise which it will produce among those who are his superiors in this. "Then shall the righteous man stand in great boldness before the face of such as have afflicted him, and made no account of his labours. When they see it, they shall be troubled with terrible fear, and shall be amazed at the strangeness of his salvation, so far beyond all that they looked for. And they repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit, shall say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madness, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!" *

If the reader would see the description of a life that is passed away in vanity and among the shadows of pomp and greatness, he may see it very finely drawn in the same place.† In the meantime, since it is necessary, in the present constitution of things, that order and distinction should be kept up in the world, we should be happy, if those who enjoy the upper stations in it would endeavour to surpass others in virtue as much as in rank, and by their humanity and condescension make their superiority easy and acceptable to those who are beneath them; and if, on the contrary, those who are in meaner posts of life would consider how they may better their con-

* *Wisd. ch. v. 1—5.*

† *Ch. v. 8—14.*

dition hereafter, and, by a just deference and submission to their superiors, make them happy in those blessings with which Providence has thought fit to distinguish them. C.

DISCRETION.

No. 225. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia. ———

JUV. Sat. x. 365.

Prudence supplies the want of every god.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed, the talking with a friend is nothing else but thinking aloud.

Tully has, therefore, very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in such a manner that, if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, savours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom

friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him,* “a bewrayer of secrets,” the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action, and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper

* Ecclus. vi. 9, xxvii. 17.

and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private, selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of shortsightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it

consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon Discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have, therefore, described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that Discretion is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of Discretion, and sometimes under that of Wisdom. It is, indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper), the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of everyone to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or, to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper,* "Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away; yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel; for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think, therefore, upon her is the perfection of wisdom; and whoso watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought."

C.

* Wisdom of Solomon, ch. vi. ver. 12—16.

THE TRUNK-MAKER AT THE THEATRE.

No. 235. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Populares

Vincentem strepitus

H. R. Ars. Poet. 81.

Awees the tumultuous noises of the pit.

THERE is nothing which lies more within the province of a Spectator than public shows and diversions; and, as among these there are none which can pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments that are exhibited in our theatres, I think it particularly incumbent on me to take notice of everything that is remarkable in such numerous and refined assemblies.

It is observed, that of late years there has been a certain person in the upper gallery of the play-house, who, when he is pleased with anything that is acted upon the stage, expresses his approbation by a loud knock upon the benches or the wainscot, which may be heard over the whole theatre. This person is commonly known by the name of the "Trunk-maker in the upper gallery." Whether it be that the blow he gives on these occasions resembles that which is often heard in the shops of such artisans, or that he was supposed to have been a real trunk-maker, who after the finishing of his day's work used to unbend his mind at these public diversions with his hammer in his hand, I cannot certainly tell. There are some, I know, who have been foolish enough to imagine it is a spirit which haunts the upper gallery, and from time to time makes those strange noises; and the rather, because he is observed to be louder than ordinary every time the ghost of Hamlet appears. Others have reported, that it is a dumb man, who has chosen this way of uttering himself when he is moved with anything he sees or hears. Others will have it to be the playhouse chamberlain, who vents himself after this manner in the upper gallery when he has nothing to do upon the stage.

But having made it my business to get the best information

I could in a matter of this moment, I find that the trunk-maker, as he is commonly called, is a large black-man, whom nobody knows. He generally leans forward on a huge oaken plant with great attention to everything that passes upon the stage. He is never seen to smile ; but, upon hearing anything that pleases him, he takes up his staff with both hands, and lays it upon the next piece of timber that stands in his way with exceeding vehemence ; after which, he composes himself in his former posture, till such time as something new sets him again at work.

It has been observed, his blow is so well timed that the most judicious critic could never except against it. As soon as any shining thought is expressed in the poet, or any uncommon grace appears in the actor, he smites the bench or wainscot. If the audience does not concur with him, he smites a second time ; and if the audience is not yet awakened, looks round him with great wrath, and repeats the blow a third time, which never fails to produce the clap. He sometimes lets the audience begin the clap of themselves, and at the conclusion of their applause ratifies it with a single thwack.

He is of so great use to the play-house, that it is said a former director of it, upon his not being able to pay his attendance by reason of sickness, kept one in pay to officiate for him until such time as he recovered ; but the person so employed, though he laid about him with incredible violence, did it in such wrong places that the audience soon found out that it was not their old friend the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he has not yet exerted himself with vigour this season. He sometimes plies at the opera ; and, upon Nicolini's first appearance, was said to have demolished three benches in the fury of his applause. He has broken half-a-dozen oaken plants upon Dogget,* and seldom goes away from a tragedy of Shakspeare without leaving the wainscot extremely shattered.

* Thomas Dogget, an excellent comic actor, many years joint-manager of the playhouse with Wilkes and Colley Cibber. He died in 1721.

The players do not only connive at his obstreperous approbation, but very cheerfully repair at their own cost whatever damages he makes. They once had a thought of erecting a kind of wooden anvil for his use, that should be made of a very sounding plank, in order to render his strokes more deep and mellow ; but as this might not have been distinguished from the music of a kettle drum, the project was laid aside.

In the meanwhile, I cannot but take notice of the great use it is to an audience that a person should thus preside over their heads like the director of a concert, in order to awaken their attention, and beat time to their applauses ; or, to raise my simile, I have sometimes fancied the trunk-maker, in the upper gallery, to be like Virgil's ruler of the wind, seated upon the top of a mountain, who, when he struck his sceptre upon the side of it, roused an hurricane, and set the whole cavern in an uproar.*

It is certain the trunk-maker has saved many a good play, and brought many a graceful actor into reputation, who would not otherwise have been taken notice of. It is very visible, as the audience is not a little abashed, if they find themselves betrayed into a clap when their friend in the upper gallery does not come into it ; so the actors do not value themselves upon the clap, but regard it as a mere *brutum fulmen*, or empty noise, when it has not the sound of the oaken plant in it. I know it has been given out by those who are enemies to the trunk-maker, that he has sometimes been bribed to be in the interest of a bad poet, or a vicious player ; but this is a surmise which has no foundation : his strokes are always just, and his admonitions seasonable : he does not deal about his blows at random, but always hits the right nail upon the head. That inexpressible force wherewith he lays them on, sufficiently shows the evidence and strength of his conviction. His zeal for a good author is indeed outrageous, and breaks down every fence and partition, every board and plank, that stands within the expression of his applause.

* *Æneid*, Book i. 85.

As I do not care for terminating my thoughts in barren speculations, or in reports of pure matter of fact, without drawing something from them for the advantage of my countrymen, I shall take the liberty to make an humble proposal, that whenever the trunk-maker shall depart this life, or whenever he shall have lost the spring of his arm by sickness, old age, infirmity, or the like, some able-bodied critic should be advanced to this post, and have a competent salary settled on him, to be furnished with bamboos for operas, crab-tree cudgels for comedies, and oaken plants for tragedy, at the public expense. And to the end that this place should be always disposed of according to merit, I would have none preferred to it who has not given convincing proofs both of a sound judgment and a strong arm, and who could not upon occasion, either knock down an ox, or write a comment upon Horace's Art of Poetry. In short, I would have him a due composition of Hercules and Apollo, and so rightly qualified for this important office, that the trunk-maker may not be missed by our posterity.

C.

MODES OF DISPUTING.

No. 239. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Bella, horrida bella !

VIRG. Æn. vi. 86.

Wars, horrid wars !

I HAVE sometimes amused myself with considering the methods of managing a debate which have obtained in the world.

The first races of mankind used to dispute, as our ordinary people do now-a-days, in a kind of wild logic uncultivated by rules of art.

Socrates introduced a catechetical method of arguing. He would ask his adversary question upon question, until he had convinced him out of his own mouth, that his opinions were

wrong. This way of debating drives an enemy up into a corner, seizes all the passes through which he can make an escape, and forces him to surrender at discretion.

Aristotle changed this method of attack, and invented a great variety of little weapons, called syllogisms. As in the Socratic way of dispute you agree to everything which your opponent advances, in the Aristotellic, you are still denying and contradicting some part or other of what he says. Socrates conquers you by stratagem, Aristotle by force. The one takes the town by sap, the other sword in hand.

The universities of Europe, for many years, carried on their debates by syllogism, insomuch that we see the knowledge of several centuries laid out into objections and answers, and all the good sense of the age cut and minced into almost an infinitude of distinctions.

When our universities found there was no end of wrangling this way, they invented a kind of argument, which is not reducible to any mood or figure in Aristotle. It was called the Argumentum Basilinum (others write it Bacilinum or Baculinum), which is pretty well expressed in our English word Club-law. When they were not able to confute their antagonist, they knocked him down. It was their method in these polemical debates, first to discharge their syllogisms, and afterwards to betake themselves to their clubs, till such time as they had one way or other confounded their gainsayers. There is in Oxford a narrow defile (to make use of a military term), where the partisans used to encounter; for which reason it still retains the name of Logic lane. I have heard an old gentleman, a physician, make his boasts, that when he was a young fellow he marched several times at the head of a troop of Scotists,* and cudgelled a body of Smiglesians,† half the length

* The followers of Duns Scotus, a famous doctor of the schools, who flourished about the year 1300, were *Realists*, and the Scotists were as *Realists* opposed to the *Nominalists*, who as followers of Thomas Aquinas were called *Thomists*. The *Realists* maintained that general ideas (*universalia*) are real things with positive existence; the *Nominalists*, on the other hand, merely regarded them as words or names.

† The followers of Martin Smiglecius, a famous logician and Polish Jesuit of

of High-street, till they had dispersed themselves for shelter into their respective garrisons.

This humour, I find, went very far in Erasmus's time. For that author tells us, that, upon the revival of Greek letters, most of the universities in Europe were divided into Greeks and Trojans. The latter were those who bore a mortal enmity to the language of the Grecians, insomuch that if they met with any who understood it, they did not fail to treat him as a foe. Erasmus himself had, it seems, the misfortune to fall into the hands of a party of Trojans, who laid him on with so many blows and buffets that he never forgot their hostilities to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument not much unlike the former, which is made use of by states and communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand disputants on each side, and convince one another by dint of sword. A certain grand monarch * was so sensible of his strength in this way or reasoning, that he writ upon his great guns—*Ratio ultima Regum*, "The logic of kings ;" but, God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors.† Upon his friend's telling him, that he wondered he would give up the question when he had visibly the better of the dispute ; "I am never ashamed," says he, "to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions."

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning, which may be called arguing by poll ; and another, which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras*.‡

But the most notable way of managing a controversy is that which we may call arguing by torture. This is a method of

the 16th century, whose works were long admired in the schools even of Protestant universities.

* Lewis XIV. of France.

† The Emperor Adrian.

‡ I have heard old cunning stagers say fools for arguments lay wagers. Part 2, c. 1, v. 297.

reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of queen Mary, that, in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield.* These disputants convince their adversaries with a sorites,† commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinions by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side ; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by several engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, may be looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned : I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or, as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding : it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant ; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities ; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens ; confounded their statesmen ; struck

* The author quoted is And. Ammonius. The Spectator's memory deceived him in applying the remark, which was made in the reign of Henry VIII. It was, however, much more applicable to that of Queen Mary.

† A sorites in logic is a heap of propositions thrown together.

their orators dumb ; and at length argued them out of all their liberties.

Having here touched upon the several methods of disputing as they have prevailed in different ages of the world, I shall very suddenly give my reader an account of the whole art of cavilling ; which will be a full satisfactory answer to all such papers and pamphlets as have yet appeared against the Spectator. C.

ON VIRTUE.

No. 243. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Formam quidem ipsam, Marce fili, et tanquam faciem honesti vides : quæ si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores (ut ait Plato) excitaret sapientiæ.
TULL. Offic.

You see, my son Marcus, virtue as if it were embodied, which, if it could be made the object of sight, would (as Plato says) excite in us a wonderful love of wisdom.

I DO not remember to have read any discourse written expressly upon the beauty and loveliness of virtue, without considering it as a duty, and as the means of making us happy both now and hereafter. I design therefore this speculation as an essay upon that subject ; in which I shall consider virtue no farther than as it is in itself of an amiable nature ; after having premised, that I understand by the word virtue such a general notion as is affixed to it by the writers of morality, and which by devout men generally goes under the name of religion, and by men of the world under the name of honour.

Hypocrisy itself does great honour, or rather justice to religion, and tacitly acknowledges it to be an ornament to human nature. The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

We learn from Hierocles, it was a common saying among

the heathens, that the wise man hates nobody, but only loves the virtuous.*

Tully has a very beautiful gradation of thoughts to show how amiable virtue is. "We love a virtuous man," says he, "who lives in the remotest parts of the earth, though we are altogether out of the reach of his virtue, and can receive from it no manner of benefit." Nay, one who died several ages ago, raises a secret fondness and benevolence for him in our minds, when we read his story : nay, what is still more, one who has been the enemy of our country, provided his wars were regulated by justice and humanity, as in the instance of Pyrrhus whom Tully mentions on this occasion in opposition to Hannibal. Such is the natural beauty and loveliness of virtue.

Stoicism, which was the pedantry of virtue, ascribes all good qualifications of what kind soever to the virtuous man. Accordingly Cato, in the character Tully has left of him, carried matters so far, that he would not allow anyone but a virtuous man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man ; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the Stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfection ; and therefore did not only suppose that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense and goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character : and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

* Hierocles, p. 56, edit. Needham.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us, in the forementioned passage, everyone naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we

should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public obloquy and reproach? Those, therefore, who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, ought to be looked upon as persons who make use of religion to promote their cause,* not of their cause to promote religion. C

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

No. 246. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1711. [STEELE.]

—Οὐκ ἔρα σοί γε πατήρ ἦν ἵπποτα Πηλεὺς,
Οὐδὲ Θέτις μήτηρ, γλαυκὴ δὲ σ' ἔτικτε θάλασσα,
Πέτραι τ' ἠλίβατοι· ὅτι τοι νόος ἐστὶν ἀπηνής.

HOM. Iliad. xvi. 33.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth :
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm :
A soul well suiting thy tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“As your paper is part of the equipage of the tea-table, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstance of life, even ‘the care of children.’ I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain

* In allusion to the popular cry of those times, that “the church was in danger,” artfully made use of by the leaders of one party to effect the overthrow of the other.

the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general ; and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in nursing of children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman, endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature, can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take farther care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to ; like *Æsop's* earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved, by reason that plant was not of its own production. And since another's child is no more natural to a nurse than a plant to a strange and different ground, how can it be supposed that the child should thrive ; and if it thrives, must it not imbibe the gross humours and qualities of the nurse, like a plant in a different ground, or like a graft upon a different stock ? Do not we observe that a lamb sucking a goat changes very much its nature, nay, even its skin and wool into the goat kind ? The power of a nurse over a child, by infusing into it with her milk her qualities and disposition, is sufficiently and daily observed. Hence came that old saying concerning an ill-natured and malicious fellow, that " he had imbibed his malice with his nurse's milk, or that some brute or other had been his nurse." Hence *Romulus* and *Remus* were said to have been nursed by a wolf ; *Telephus*, the son of *Hercules*, by a hind ; *Pelias*, the son of *Neptune*, by a mare ; and *Ægisthus* by a goat : not that they had actually sucked such creatures, as some simpletons have imagined, but that their nurses had been of such a nature and temper, and infused such into them.

" Many instances may be produced from good authorities and

daily experience, that children actually suck in the several passions and depraved inclinations of their nurses, as anger, malice, fear, melancholy, sadness, desire and aversion. This Diodorus, lib. 2, witnesses, when he speaks, saying, that Nero, the emperor's nurse, had been very much addicted to drinking; which habit Nero received from his nurse, and was so very particular in this, that the people took so much notice of it, as, instead of Tiberius Nero, they called him Biberius Mero. The same Diodorus also relates of Caligula, predecessor to Nero, that his nurse used to moisten the nipples of her breast frequently with blood to make Caligula take the better hold of them; which, says Diodorus, was the cause that made him so blood-thirsty and cruel all his lifetime after, that he not only committed frequent murder by his own hand, but likewise wished that all human kind wore but one neck that he might have the pleasure to cut it off. Such like degeneracies astonish the parents, who, not knowing after whom the child can take, see one inclined to stealing, another to drinking, cruelty, stupidity; yet all these are not minded. Nay, it is easy to demonstrate, that a child, although it be born from the best of parents, may be corrupted by an ill-tempered nurse. How many children do we see daily brought into fits, consumptions, rickets, &c., merely by sucking their nurses when in a passion or fury? But indeed almost any disorder of the nurse is a disorder to the child, and few nurses can be found in this town but what labour under some distemper or other. The first question that is generally asked a young woman that wants to be a nurse, why she should be a nurse to other people's children, is answered by her having an ill husband, and that she must make shift to live. I think now this very answer is enough to give any body a shock if duly considered; for an ill husband may, or ten to one if he does not, bring home to his wife an ill distemper, or, at least, vexation and disturbance. Besides, as she takes the child out of mere necessity, her food will be accordingly, or else very coarse at best; whence proceeds an ill concocted and coarse food for the child; for as the blood, so is the milk; and hence, I am very well assured, proceeds the scurvy, the evil, and many other distempers. I beg of you,

for the sake of many poor infants that may and will be saved by weighing this case seriously, to exhort the people with the utmost vehemence to let the children suck their own mother, both for the benefit of mother and child. For the general argument, that a mother is weakened by giving suck to her children, is vain and simple. I will maintain that the mother grows stronger by it, and will have her health better than she would have otherwise. She will find it the greatest cure and preservative from the vapours and future miscarriages, much beyond any other remedy whatsoever. Her children will be like giants, whereas, otherwise, they are but living shadows, and like unripe fruit ; and, certainly, if a woman is strong enough to bring forth a child, she is, beyond all doubt, strong enough to nurse it afterwards. It grieves me to observe and consider how many poor children are daily ruined by careless nurses ; and yet how tender ought they to be of a poor infant, since the least hurt or blow, especially upon the head, may make it senseless, stupid, or otherwise miserable for ever !

“ But I cannot well leave this subject as yet ; for it seems to me very unnatural that a woman that has fed a child as part of herself for nine months, should have no desire to nurse it farther when brought to light and before her eyes, and when by its cry it implores her assistance and the office of a mother. Do not the very cruellest of brutes tend their young ones with all the care and delight imaginable ? For how can she be called a mother that will not nurse her young ones ? The earth is called the mother of all things, not because she produces, but because she maintains and nurses what she produces. The generation of the infant is the effect of desire, but the care of it argues virtue and choice. I am not ignorant but that there are some cases of necessity where a mother cannot give suck, and then out of two evils the least must be chosen ; but there are so very few, that, I am sure, in a thousand there is hardly one real instance ; for if a woman does but know that her husband can spare about three or six shillings a week extraordinary (although this is but seldom considered), she certainly, with the assistance of her gossips, will soon persuade the good man to send the

child to nurse, and easily impose upon him by pretending indisposition. Thus, cruelty is supported by fashion, and nature gives place to custom.

“Sir, your humble Servant.”

T.

ON RIDICULE.

No. 249. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1711. [ADDISON.]

Γέλας ἀκαρπός ἐν βροτῶς θεῶν δὲ κενόν.

FLAV. VET. PAST.

Mirth out of season is a grievous ill.

WHEN I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that, perhaps, cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is, indeed, a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have, in my forty-seventh paper, raised a speculation of the notion of a modern philosopher,* who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we ridicule; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own.

This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome on those words of the wise man, "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?" Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Everyone has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot without exerting anything masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but,

instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking everything that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and masterpieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable that, notwithstanding we fall short at present of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggrel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the moderns, but more good sense among the ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is, therefore, of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like the *Dispensary*,* or in doggrel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggrel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

* By Sir Samuel Garth (poet and physician), a poem ridiculing the disputes among doctors.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing, that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of fire and burning, when they are applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this reason, likewise, Venus has gained the title of *φιλομειδής*, “the laughter-loving dame,” as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton,* in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described, that I shall set the passage down at length :

“ But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
 With two sister graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek ;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe :
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph sweet Liberty ;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unproved pleasures free.”

C.

* L'Allegro.

THE CRIES OF LONDON.

No. 251. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1711. [ADDISON.]

—Linguae centum sunt, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox—

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 625.

—A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and frights a country squire, than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying any thing farther of it.

“SIR,

“I am a man out of all business, and would willingly turn my hand to any thing for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burdening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that, despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

“The post I would aim at, is to be Comptroller-General of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules and discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

“The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or frying-pan. The watchman’s thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder’s horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty’s liege subjects.

“Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceeding shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch ; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble ; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares : and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the vendors of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply the old proverb of ‘Much cry but little wool.’

“Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract ? Why, the whole tribe of card match-makers, which frequent that quarter, passed by his door the

very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

“It is another great imperfection in our London Cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip-season; and which are more inexcusable, because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

“There are others who affect a very slow time, and are in my opinion much more tuneable than the former. The cooper in particular swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony; nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy, when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked, if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

“I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas! this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would therefore be worth while to consider, whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

“It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humourists are to be tolerated, who, not contented with the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their

own : such as was, not many years since, the pastryman, commonly known by the name of the Colly-Molly-Puff ;* and such as is at this day the vendor of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder-Wat.

“I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public. I mean that idle accomplishment, which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or not they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say ; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words ; insomuch that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession ; for who else can know, that ‘work if I had it,’ should be the signification of a corn-cutter.

“Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be proper that some man of good sense and profound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets, that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandizes in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post ; and, if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

“I am, Sir, &c.

C.

“RALPH CROTCHET.”

* This little man was only able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, and sung in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name Colly-Molly-Puff.

SALUTATIONS.

No. 259. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1711. [STEELE.]

Quod decet honestum est, et quod honestum est decet.

TULL.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are some things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are, outward civilities and salutations. These one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common sense, without the help of an instructor : but that which we call common sense suffers under that word ; for it sometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but sometimes signifies right reason, and what all men should consent to. In this latter acceptation of the phrase, it is no great wonder people err so much against it, since it is not everyone who is possessed of it, and there are fewer, who against common rules and fashions dare obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You shall sometimes see a man begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a forbidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is going to salute, and stop short in the poll of his neck. This in the person who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refused the opportunity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole ensuing season. Your great beauties, people much in favour, or by any means or for any purpose overflattered, are apt to practise this, which one may call the preventing aspect, and throw their attention another way, lest they should confer a bow or a courtesy upon a person who might not appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth degree of favour with a minister. This good creature is resolved to show the world, that great

honours cannot at all change his manners ; he is the same civil person he ever was ; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at once to show he is full of business, and yet not so taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds his account in the return of his compliments ; but he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and must not omit : let the neglect fall on your side, or where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our English comedies, a description of a fellow that affected knowing everybody, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and smile in the face of a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite gallery and smile in the minister's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to speak of salutation at church, I must take notice that several of my correspondents have importuned me to consider that subject, and settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the world ; but I have often, on public occasions, thought it a very great absurdity in the company, during the royal presence, to exchange salutations from all parts of the room, when, certainly, common sense should suggest, that all regards at that time should be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object without disrespect to the sovereign. But as to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to be imagined what offence some of them take at the custom of saluting in places of worship. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine service, and is the most religious woman, for no other reason but to appear a woman of the best quality in the church. This absurd custom had better be abolished than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is ; but I am informed of objections much more considerable. A dissenter of rank and distinction was lately prevailed upon by a

friend of his to come to one of the greatest congregations of the Church of England about town. After the service was over, he declared he was very well satisfied with the little ceremony which was used towards God Almighty ; but, at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another : as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our Protestant dissenters from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church fixed his eye upon an old lady with a cushion larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An ana-baptist, who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two eldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good Christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.

ON A BEAU'S HEAD.

No. 275. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

—tribus Antyris equitit — 0,6%
Hem. Ant. P. 0,7%

Abstracts of the 1997-1998 season are available.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuoses, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries,

which he had also made on the same subject by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that, by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited methought to the dissection of a beau's head and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man ; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it ; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company a sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanis. The several other cells were stored with com-

modities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations; that on the left, with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English, nonsense.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the faculty of blushing.

The *os cribriforme* was exceedingly stuffed, and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small muscle which is not often discovered in dissections, and draws the nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the owner of it has, upon seeing anything he does not like, or hearing anything he does not understand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muscle which performs the motion so often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his nose, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find anything very remarkable in the eye, saving only that the *musculi amatorii*, or, as we may translate it into English, the ogling muscles, were very much worn and decayed with use; whereas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the muscle

which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been used at all.

I have only mentioned in this dissection such new discoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of those parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the skull, the face, and indeed the whole outward shape and figure of the head, we could not discover any difference from what we observe in the heads of other men. We were informed that the person to whom this head belonged, had passed for a man above five and thirty years ; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dressed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a ball or an assembly ; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring shovel, having been surprised by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering some civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its several kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, such as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aside under a broad piece of scarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repository of dissections ; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be so difficult as that of another brain, for that he had observed several of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial substance, which he looked upon to be true quicksilver.

He applied himself in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewise laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this dissection ; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, I shall reserve this subject for the speculation of another day.

L.

ON PLEASING.

No. 280. MONDAY, JANUARY, 21, 1711—12. [STEELE.]

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 35.

To please the great is not the smallest praise.

THE desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success ; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with that natural bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as such ; and the affectation of that character is what constitutes a fop. Under these leaders one may draw up all those who make any manner of figure, except in dumb show. A rational and select conversation is composed of persons who have the talent of pleasing with delicacy of sentiments, flowing from habitual chastity of thought ; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is usually pestered with constrained, obscene, and painful witticisms. Now and then you meet with a man so exactly formed for pleasing, that it is no matter what he is doing or saying, that is to say, that there need be no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon everybody who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but must be attended with happy circumstances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which distinguishes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that everybody loves and esteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has passed through very conspicuous scenes in it : though no soldier, he has shared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generosity on a decisive day of battle. To have those qualities which only make other men conspicuous in the world as it were supernumerary

to him, is a circumstance which gives weight to his most indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready cash to a trader, so is acknowledged merit immediate distinction, and serves in the place of equipage, to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in business, and regarded with love in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have such particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleasing which must carry men through the world, who cannot pretend to such advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abstracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a slave. A parasite differs in nothing from the meanest servant, but that the footman hires himself for bodily labour, subjected to go and come at the will of his master, but the other gives up his very soul: he is prostituted to speak, and professes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This servitude to a patron, in an honest nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we shall speak of those methods only which are worthy and ingenuous.

The happy talent of pleasing either those above you or below you, seems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your sincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need be no more said in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with justice pronounces against him the sentence of death itself. The author of the sentence at the head of this paper was an excellent judge of human life, and passed his own in company the most agreeable that ever was in the world. Augustus lived amongst his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court. Candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was vested with, were what made him in the utmost manner agreeable among a set of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition, and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the disposal of an empire, without the pleasures of their mutual

conversation. A certain unanimity of taste and judgment, which is natural to all of the same order in the species, was the band of this society; and the emperor assumed no figure in it but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleasures and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting the refined pleasures of such an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their conversations. Horace, in the discourse from whence I take the hint of the present speculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in conversation with men of power; but he speaks it with an air of one who had no need of such an application for anything which related to himself. It shows he understood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by just admonitions against importunity, and showing how forcible it was to speak modestly of your own wants. There is indeed something so shameless in taking all opportunities to speak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him upon whom he depends, fares like the beggar who exposes his sores, which, instead of moving compassion, makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about sixteen years ago an honest fellow, who so justly understood how disagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have missed for some years in my walks, and never heard was since way employed about the country, used to have a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor dependent the same that working tools are to a poor artificer. It was no small entertainment to me, who, in such circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two days, and felt the thinness they told him, ask to the village, and to the country, he had barely been thirty off. This skilful courtier carried this on with the most address; and if his necessities, his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to the narrowness of

in some fashionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which saved his credit with those on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to considerable acquisitions, and yet seem incapable of acting in any constant tenor of life, but have gone on from one successful error to another : therefore I think I may shorten this inquiry after the method of pleasing ; and as the old beau said to his son, once for all, " Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman ;" so may I to my reader, abridge my instructions, and finish the art of pleasing in a word, " Be rich."

T.

A COQUETTE'S HEART.

No. 281. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.

VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 64.

Anxious the reeking entrails he consults.

HAVING already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head,* with the several discoveries made on that occasion ; I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore, in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order

* See No. 275

to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively ; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat ; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass ; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves ; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew

very well by this invention, whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall, therefore, only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and

foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and centre of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

L.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

No. 287. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

Ω φιλάττη γῆ μήτερ, ὡς σευδὸν σφόδρ' εἶ
 Τοῖς νοῦν ἐχέσι κτῆμα;—

MENAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wise
 Thy happy clime and countless blessings prize !

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that were I to choose of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction ; but if I shall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice ; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the Church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature. If it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all ; since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests ; for where they are of the same rank, and

consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that, by providing for the particular interest of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or, in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law or decree of the senate; so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part who

are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute ; but since, in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtue or vices of a single person. Look into the historian I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through before you come at an emperor that is supportable ! But this is not all : an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fears, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature !

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model ; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connection between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty if compared with that which prevails

in the other three divisions of the world ; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and, where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth ; so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing everyone looks after is, to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts till it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements ; and, among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries ; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, till a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge ; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning ; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the Eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind ; as you may observe, from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees till they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece

under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present : so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shows how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions. L.

PIN-MONEY.

No. 295. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1711-12. [ADDISON.]

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina censum :
At, velut exhaustâ redivivus pullulet arcâ
Nummus, et è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.*

Juv. Sat. vi. 362.

*But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain :
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.*

“MR. SPECTATOR.

“I am turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of a good family and of a high spirit ; but could not bring her to close with me before I had entered into a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated that she should have £400 a-year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since re-

ligiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her ; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, insomuch, that finding me a little tardy in her last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me ; and proceeds so far as to tell me, that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a jail. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hand, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of her fashion if she makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors ; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorff, or any other of the civilians.

“I am ever the humblest of your admirers,

“JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq.”

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges ; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great-grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not perhaps be much mistaken where he intimates that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furnishing her with arms against himself, and in a manner becoming accessory to his own dishonour. We may indeed generally observe, that in proportion as a woman is more or less

beautiful, and her husband advanced in years, she stands in need of a greater or less number of pins, and, upon a treaty of marriage, rises and falls in her demands accordingly. It must likewise be owned, that high quality in a mistress does very much inflame this article in the marriage-reckoning.

But where the age and circumstances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the insisting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find several matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is stranger to this practice, think of a lover that forsakes his mistress because he is not willing to keep her in pins! But what would he think of the mistress should he be informed that she asks five or six hundred pounds a-year for this use! Should a man, unacquainted with our customs, be told the sums which are allowed in Great Britain under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious consumption of pins would he think there was in this island? "A pin a day," says our frugal proverb, "is a groat a year;" so that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife must every year make use of eight millions six hundred and forty thousand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our British ladies allege they comprehend under this general term several other conveniences of life; I could therefore wish, for the honour of my country-women, that they had rather called it needle-money, which might have implied something of good housewifery, and not have given the malicious world occasion to think that dress and trifles have always the uppermost place in a woman's thoughts.

I know several of my fair reasoners urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a necessary provision they make for themselves in case their husband proves a churl or a miser; so that they consider this allowance as a kind of alimony which they may lay their claim to without actually separating from their husbands. But with submission, I think a woman who will give up herself to a man in marriage, where there is the least room for such an apprehension, and trust her person to one whom she will not rely on for the common necessities of life,

may very properly be accused (in the phrase of a homely proverb) of being "penny wise and pound foolish."

It is observed of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without securing a retreat in case the event should not answer their expectations ; on the other hand, your greatest conquerors have burnt their ships, and broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to succeed or die in the engagement. In the same manner I should very much suspect a woman who takes such precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how she may live happily, without the affection of one to whom she joins herself for life. Separate purses between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as separate beds. A marriage cannot be happy where the pleasures, inclinations, and interests of both parties are not the same. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man than the sense of a person's depending upon him for her ease and happiness ; as a woman uses all her endeavours to please the person whom she looks upon, as her honour, her comfort, and her support.

For this reason I am not very much surprised at the behaviour of a rough country squire, who, being not a little shocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin-money, was so enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "As much as she thought him her slave, he would show all the world he did not care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room, and never saw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's *Alcibiades*, says he was informed by one who had travelled through Persia, that as he had passed over a great tract of land, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle : to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the Queen's Veil ; and that in the same manner there was a large portion of ground set aside for every part of her Majesty's dress. These lands might not be improperly called the Queen of Persia's pin-money.

I remember my friend Sir Roger, who, I dare say, never read

this passage in Plato, told me some time since, that upon his courting the perverse widow, (of whom I have given an account in former papers,) he had disposed of a hundred acres in a diamond ring, which he would have presented her with had she thought fit to accept it; and that, upon her wedding day, she should have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He farther informed me, that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, that he would have allowed her the profits of a windmill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under-petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my Lady Coverley. Sir Roger, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of pin-money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of "The Pins."

L.

A WEEK'S DIARY.

No. 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711—12. [ADDISON.]

—Fruges consumere nati.

HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.

—Born to drink and eat.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, "Let me then," says he, "go off the stage with your applause;" using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece.* I could wish that men, while they are in health, would

* Vos valetē et plaudite.

consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them : whether it was worth coming into the world for : whether it be suitable to a reasonable being ; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England ate better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friend into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose : I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another ; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man, being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew

showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it ; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.*

MONDAY, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours, ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my double-soaled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of Mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

* This journal was published as a banter on a gentleman who was a member of a congregation of Independents, where a Mr. Nesbit officiated at that time as minister. The person who kept this journal, led precisely such a life as is ridiculed here, and was continually asking or quoting his pastor's opinion on every subject.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-duck broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the nor in. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the grand visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before anybody else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine the next morning.

THURSDAY, nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my attorney's letter to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sent. Beef overcooked.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave R. a letter about the cook. T. sent for my cook-maid. Sent her a letter to Sir Timothy. Mr. N. did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Passed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand visier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones ; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements, and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every

one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their various acts of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination, would give them a true state of themselves, and would oblige them to consider seriously what they are about. One could rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for. L.

TRANSMIGRATION.

No. 343. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Heavenly Father, I thank thee for the
Spirits that perform the great work of
Inferiours to thee—

—O. M. M. V. 12

And here I thank thee for the
Rational Spirits that perform the
And I thank thee for the
And I thank thee for the

WILL HONEYCOMB, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. “St. Paul Rector,” says he, “gives us an account of several well-spread Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any Christian they are confined to a cage, and think they must be infinitely happier should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen out of captivity at Algiers. You are good,” says Will, “because is, because they consider every Christian as a factor in disguise, and that for the sake of their own souls they will

* See a list of the names of the persons who were sent to the West Indies by the British Government, and who were knighted by James II. and was knighted by the British Government.

charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. 'They'll tell you,' says Will, "that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour or his fortune, when he was one of us."

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that "Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack," says he, "was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

"The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt," says Will, "whether it was written by Jack or the monkey."

"MADAM,

"Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago, I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that,

into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

“I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

“Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

“In my next transmigration, I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

“My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

“I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard Street; and, remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

“I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

“I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

“I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tomtit. In the last of these my shapes

I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

“But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in *Æthiopia*, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

“Your most devoted humble servant,

“PUGG.”

“P.S.—I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won’t like.”

L.

CHEERFULNESS.

No. 381. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1712. [ADDISON.]

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ moriture Deli.*

HOR. 3 Od. ii. 1.

Be calm, my Deli, and serene,
However fortune change the scene.
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet, when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce, unruly joy
The settled quiet of the mind destroy.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the

heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man

deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for anyone to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see everything that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which everyone should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction : all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it : and establish us in such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we are made to please.

OUR NATIONAL VIRTUE.

No. 407. TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1712. [ADDISON.]

———*abest facundis gratia dictis.*OVID. *Met.* xiii. 127.

Eloquent words a graceful manner want.

Most foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from this our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth, continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon everything that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us. I have heard it observed more than once, by those who have seen Italy, that an untravelled Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian pictures, because the postures which are expressed in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, will not know what to make of that noble gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented as lifting up both his arms, and pouring out the thunder of his rhetoric amidst an audience of pagan philosophers.

It is certain, that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters, and enforce everything he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument

he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them, at the same time that they show the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, though he is placed quite out of their hearing; as in England, we very frequently see people lulled asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowing and distortions of enthusiasm.

If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervour, and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture?

We are told that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by this *laterum contentio*, the vehemence of action, with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, if they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle! The truth of it is, there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker; you see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others, looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written on it; you may see many a

smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster Hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking : the wags of those days used to call it "the thread of his discourse," for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading : but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest.

I have all along acknowledged myself to be a dumb man, and therefore may be thought a very improper person to give rules for oratory ; but I believe everyone will agree with me in this, that we ought either to lay aside all kinds of gesture (which seems to be very suitable to the genius of our nation), or at least to make use of such only as are graceful and expressive.

O.

FEMALE EXTRAVAGANCES.

No. 435. SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1712. [ADDISON.]

*Nec duo sunt at forma duplex, nec foemina dici
Nec puer ut possint, neutrumque et utrumque videntur.*
OVID. Met. iv. 378.

Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

Most of the papers I give the public are written on subjects that never vary, but are for ever fixed and immutable. Of this kind are all my more serious essays and discourses ; but there is another sort of speculations, which I consider as occasional papers, that take their rise from the folly, extravagance, and

caprice of the present age. For I look upon myself as one set to watch the manners and behaviour of my countrymen and contemporaries, and to mark down every absurd fashion, ridiculous custom, or affected form of speech, that makes its appearance in the world during the course of my speculations. The petticoat no sooner began to swell, but I observed its motions. The party-patches had not time to muster themselves before I detected them. I had intelligence of the coloured hood the very first time it appeared in a public assembly. I might here mention several other the like contingent subjects, upon which I have bestowed distinct papers. By this means I have so effectually quashed those irregularities which gave occasion to them, that I am afraid posterity will scarce have a sufficient idea of them to relish those discourses which were in no little vogue at the time they were written. They will be apt to think that the fashions and customs I attacked were some fantastic conceits of my own, and that their great grandmothers could not be so whimsical as I have represented them. For this reason, when I think on the figure my several volumes of speculations will make about a hundred years hence, I consider them as so many pieces of old plate, where the weight will be regarded, but the fashion lost.

Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean, that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding coat and periwig, or at least tie up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. As in my yesterday's paper I gave an account of the mixture of two sexes in one commonwealth, I shall here take notice of this mixture of two sexes in one person. I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but, in contempt of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers.

I remember when I was at my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's about this time twelvemonth, an equestrian lady of this order appeared upon the plains which lay at a distance from his

house. I was at the time walking in the fields with my old friend ; and as his tenants ran out on every side to see so strange a sight, sir Roger asked one of them who came by us, what it was ? To which the country fellow replied, ‘ ’Tis a gentlewoman, saving your worship’s presence, in a coat and hat.’ This produced a great deal of mirth at the knight’s house, where we had a story at the same time of another of his tenants, who, meeting this gentleman-like lady on the highway, was asked by her whether that was Coverley-hall ? The honest man seeing only the male part of the querist, replied, ‘ Yes, Sir ; ’ but upon the second question, whether Sir Roger de Coverley was a married man ? having dropped his eye upon the petticoat, he changed his note into ‘ No, Madam.’

Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal’s days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist ! He would have represented her in a riding habit, as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves.

For my own part, I am for treating the sex with the greater tenderness, and have all along made use of the most gentle methods to bring them off from any little extravagance into which they have sometimes unwarily fallen. I think it however absolutely necessary to keep up the partition between the two sexes, and to take notice of the smallest encroachment which the one makes upon the other. I hope therefore I shall not hear any more complaints on this subject. I am sure my she-disciples, who peruse these my daily lectures, have profited but little by them, if they are capable of giving in to such an amphibious dress. This I should not have mentioned, had I not lately met one of these my female readers in Hyde-park, who looked upon me with a masculine assurance, and cocked her hat full in my face.

For my part, I have one general key to the behaviour of the fair sex. When I see them singular in any part of their dress,

I conclude it is not without some evil intention : and therefore question not but the design of this strange fashion is to smite more effectually their male beholders. Now to set them right in this particular, I would fain have them consider for themselves, whether we are not more likely to be struck by a figure entirely female, than with such an one as we may see every day in our glasses. Or, if they please, let them reflect upon their own hearts, and think how they would be affected should they meet a man on horseback, in his breeches and jack-boots, and at the same time dressed up in a commode and a nightrail.

I must observe that this fashion was first of all brought to us from France, a country which has infected all the nations of Europe with its levity. I speak not this in derogation of a whole people, having more than once found fault with those general reflections which strike at kingdoms or commonwealths in the gross : a piece of cruelty, which an ingenious writer of our own compares to that of Caligula, who wished that the Roman people had all but one neck, that he might behold them at a blow. I shall therefore only remark, that, as liveliness and assurance are in a peculiar manner the qualifications of the French nation, the same habits and customs will not give the same offence to that people which they produce among those of our own country. Modesty is our distinguishing character, as vivacity is theirs : and when this our national virtue appears in that female beauty for which our British eyes are so famous, above all others in the universe, it makes up the most amiable object that the eye of man can possibly behold. C.

CUSTOM.

No. 447. SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1712. [ADDISON.]

Φημι πολυχρονίην μελέτην ἔμμεναι, φίλε· καὶ δὴ
 Ταύτην ἀνθρωποῖσι τελεύτῳσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind ;
 And what we once disliked, we pleasing find.

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that “custom is a second nature.” It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot,* in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot, that, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature, and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making everything pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, until he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, until he is unable to pass away his time

* One of the Secretaries of the Royal Society and Historiographer Royal He died in 1696.

without it ; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions which she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as are painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances, of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste ; but, when it has once got a relish for them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner ; and, after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced,* who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that, notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful ; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life, or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable

* Dr. Atterbury.

to him at first ; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which Pythagoras * is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum* ; “ Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful.” Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. “ The gods,” said Hesiod, “ have placed labour before virtue ; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it.” The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that “ her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.”

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation, which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any of the most innocent

* Diogenes Laertius, Book viii.

diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to everything that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose that Providence will in a manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase, "the worm which never dies." This notion of heaven and hell is so conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised

such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has shown how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it : as, on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

C.

THE STRENGTHENING OF FAITH.

No. 465. SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1712. [ADDISON.]

*Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum :
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido ;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.*

HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 97.

*How you may glide with gentle ease
Adown the current of your days ;
Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
Nor warm'd by wild ambitious fires ;
By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
For things but little worth your care.*

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper, to show the great excellency of faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question on points of faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shows itself in new difficulties, and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tost in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexity, when it appears in a new shape, or is stated by a different hand. As nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth, so nothing

is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are indeed many things from which we may withhold our assent ; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule, therefore, which I shall lay down, is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it into question. We may perhaps forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and therefore still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art or science ; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that Latimer, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the protestants and papists in the reign of queen Mary. This venerable old man, knowing how his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated ; and, though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities ; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them in readiness, those arguments which

appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens faith more than morality. Faith and morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation that we are easy to believe what we wish. It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it ; but at the same time it is as certain, that faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more persuasive than any of the former ; and that is, an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him ; his experience concurs with his reason ; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man thinks of anything in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude : the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a

multitude of vicious examples give a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements everything disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men ; in the country with those of God. One is the province of art, the other of nature. Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth : and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. Aristotle says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain : "The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament sheweth his handy work. One day telleth another ; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language ; but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands ; and their words into the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one.

I.

" The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

II.

" Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

“What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason’s ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.”

C.

PURITAN PIETY.

No. 494. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1712. [ADDISON.]

*Egritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè detestabilem, quorum est tandem
Philosophorum ?* Circ.

What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing
in nature ?

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world,* has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous Independent minister, who was head of a college in those times.†

* Said to be Anthony Henley, a gentleman of property, who contributed some unidentified papers to the *Tatler*.

† Dr. Thomas Goodwin. He went to Holland to escape from persecution, and was pastor of the English church at Arnheim, till in the civil wars he came to London, and sat at Westminster as one of the Assembly of Divines.

This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the University with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the Independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that was then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night caps upon his head, and a religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled ; but his fears increased when, instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead ; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul, whether he was of the number of the elect ; what was the occasion of his conversion ; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened ; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, " Whether he was prepared for death ? " The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory ; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by

In 1649 Cromwell made him President of Magdalen College. As Oliver Cromwell's chaplain, he prayed with and for him in his last illness. At the Restoration, Dr. Goodwin was deprived of his post at Oxford, and he then preached in London to an assembly of Independents till his death, in 1679.

a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider, whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is

not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the Land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer* has made a discourse, to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does Him less dishonour than the man who owns His being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has an heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but is not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul; it banishes indolence and levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth. It in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself. O.

* Lucian, in his treatise de morte, §. 10. c. 1.

TRUTH.

No. 557. MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1714. [ADDISON.]

*Quippe domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.*VIRG. *Æn.* i. 665.

He fears th' ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongu'd.

"THERE is nothing," says Plato, "so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of truth." For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

Among all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shows us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely treated in the most eloquent sermon of the great British preacher.* I shall beg leave to

* Archbishop Tillotson on Sincerity towards God and Man, vol. ii. p. 7. This sermon was much admired by Queen Mary, the Consort of William the Third.

transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

“The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

“The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.”

I have by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles the Second's reign by the ambassador of Bantam,* a little after his arrival in England.

“MASTER,

“The people, where I now am, have tongues farther from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean: and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing

* In 1682.

and mean another : truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, that he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival. I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account ; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him told me by my interpreter, he should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power. Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me ; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged the first week at the house of one who desired me to think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own. Accordingly, I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present : but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the king's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had eternally obliged him. I was so surprised at his gratitude, that I could not forbear saying, 'What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity ?' However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter, during my stay in this country ; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

"At my first going to court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment ; for, when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths, for which thou wouldest order any of thy officers of state to receive a hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate anything with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go

to see the king's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me is, how I do : I have this question put to me above an hundred times a-day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a more solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner ; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Bantam."

HILPA AND SHALUM.

No. 584. MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1714. [ADDISON.]

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
Hic nemus, hic toto tecum consumerer ævo.*

VIRG. Ecl. x. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound ;
The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground,
Here I could live, and love, and die, with only you.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful ; and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath, being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed

all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit ; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said, that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches ; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a despatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age ; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath : and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow ; though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath ; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addresses to Hilpa, began, immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement; his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests, intermixed with walks, and lawns, and gardens; insomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees and gloomy scenes, that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landscapes the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it, without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiment and plainness of manners which appears in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy

“Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah, to Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys.

“In the 788th year of the creation.

“What have I not suffered, O thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou gavest thyself away in marriage to my rival ! I grew weary of the light of the sun, and have been ever since covering myself with woods and forests. These threescore and ten years have I bewailed the loss of thee on the top of Mount Tirzah, and soothed my melancholy among a thousand gloomy shades of my own raising. My dwellings are at present as the garden of God ; every part of them is filled with fruits, and flowers, and fountains. The whole mountain is perfumed for thy reception. Come up into it, O my beloved, and let us people this spot of the new world with a beautiful race of mortals ; let us multiply exceedingly among these delightful shades, and fill every quarter of them with sons and daughters. Remember, O thou daughter of Zilpah, that the age of man is but a thousand years ; that beauty is the admiration but of a few centuries. It flourishes as a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the top of Tirzah, which in three or four hundred years will fade away, and never be thought of by posterity, unless a young wood springs from its roots. Think well on this, and remember thy neighbour in the mountains.”

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

HILPA AND SHALUM—*Continued.*

No. 585. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1714. [ADDISON.]

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera ferant
 Intensi mentes : ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta.—

VIRG. Ecl. v. 62.

The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;
 The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.

THE SEQUEL OF THE STORY OF SHALUM AND
HILPA.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa, that she answered in less than a twelvemonth, after the following manner :

“ Hilpa, Mistress of the Valleys, to Shalum, Master of Mount Tirzah.

“ In the 78th year of thy age &c. &c.

“ What have I to do with thee, O Shalum ? Thou praisest Hilpa’s beauty, but art thou not secretly enamoured with the verdure of her meadows ? Art thou not more affected with the prospect of her green valleys than thou wouldest be with the sight of her person ? The lowings of my herds and the bleatings of my flocks make a pleasant echo in thy mountains, and sound sweetly in thy ears. What though I am delighted with the wavings of thy forests, and those breezes of perfumes which flow from the top of Tirzah, are these like the riches of the valley ?

“ I know thee, O Shalum : thou art more wise and happy than any of the sons of men. Thy dwellings are among the cedars ; thou searchest out the diversity of soils, thou understandest the influences of the stars, and thou’st studied the seasons. Can a woman appear lovely in the eyes of such a one ? Disquiet me not, O Shalum ; let me alone, that I may enjoy the blessedly peaceful tranquillity of my life. What

me not by thy enticing words. May thy trees increase and multiply ! mayest thou add wood to wood, and shade to shade ! but tempt not Hilpa to destroy thy solitude, and make thy retirement populous."

The Chinese say that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tun of milk ; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of nightingales. The wood was made up of such fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds ; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He showed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of woodlands ; and, as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for, of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him her word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay, there were some that were leased out for three lives ; so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and

iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn ; but, finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her ; who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon Mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach ; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him : and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach ; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height ; he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals : the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

FALSE REPORT.

No. 594. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1714. [ADDISON.]

——Absentem qui rodit amicum ;
 Qui nom defendit alio culpante ; solutos
 Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis ;
 Fingere qui non visa potest ; commissa tacere
 Qui nequit ; hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

HOR. 1 Sat. iv. 81.

He that shall rail against his absent friends,
 Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends ;
 Sports with their fame, and speaks whate'er he can,
 And only to be thought a witty man ;
 Tells tales, and brings his friends in disesteem ;
 That man's a knave ;—be sure beware of him.

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we should find that a great part of them proceed from those calumnies and reproaches which we spread abroad concerning one another.

There is scarce a man living who is not, in some degree, guilty of this offence ; though at the same time, however we treat one another, it must be confessed that we all consent in speaking ill of the persons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its rise either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourselves esteemed, an ostentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the secrets of the world, or from a desire of gratifying any of these dispositions of mind in those persons with whom we converse.

The publisher of scandal is more or less odious to mankind, and criminal in himself, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But, whatever may be the occasion of spreading these false reports, he ought to consider that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the person at whom they are aimed. The injury is the same, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally practised, and at the same

time so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules, by which I would have a man examine and search into his own heart before he stands acquitted to himself of that evil disposition of mind which I am here mentioning.

First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side.

Thirdly, whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shows sufficiently that he has a true relish for scandal, and consequently the seeds of this vice, within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing the reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine everyone he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour, therefore, to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of Thales, "Falsehood is just as far distant from truth as the ears are from the eyes."* By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules

* Stobæi Serm. 61.

to be observed by the members of the celebrated Abbey de la Trappe, as they are published in a little French book.*

The Fathers are there ordered never to give an ear to any accounts of base or criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but, in case they hear anything of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance; but it is certainly much more laudable than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent and even good actions proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man should examine his heart, whether he does not find in it a secret inclination to propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

When the disease of the mind, which I have hitherto been speaking of, arises to this degree of malignity, it discovers itself in its worst symptom, and is in danger of becoming incurable. I need not, therefore, insist upon the guilt in this last particular, which everyone cannot but disapprove who is not void of humanity or even common discretion. I shall only add, that, whatever pleasure any man may take in spreading whispers of this nature, he will find an infinitely greater satisfaction in conquering the temptation he is under, by letting the secret die within his own breast.

* Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye de la Trappe, Paris, 1671; reprinted in 1682. It is a letter of M. Felibien to the Duchess of Liancon.

SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

No. 634. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1714. [ADDISON.]

‘Ο ἐλαχίστων δεόμενος ἔγγιστα Θεῶν.

SOCRATES apud XEN.

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

It was the common boast of the heathen philosophers, that, by the efficacy of their several doctrines, they made human nature resemble the divine. How much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight when put in the balance with what refines and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuses Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted as Cicero wishes Homer had done : they endeavoured rather to make men like gods than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy, some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies no more than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience, as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain ; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants ; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next

care to conform ourselves to it as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Julian's *Cæsars*.* That emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place ; and in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, inquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influence them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them that his aim was to conquer ; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country ; Augustus, to govern well ; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question, at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied, with great modesty, that it had always been his care to imitate the gods. This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties ; and, in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter ; as, indeed,

* Spanheim, *Les Cæsars de L'Empereur Julien*, traduits du Grec, 4to, 1728, *passim*.

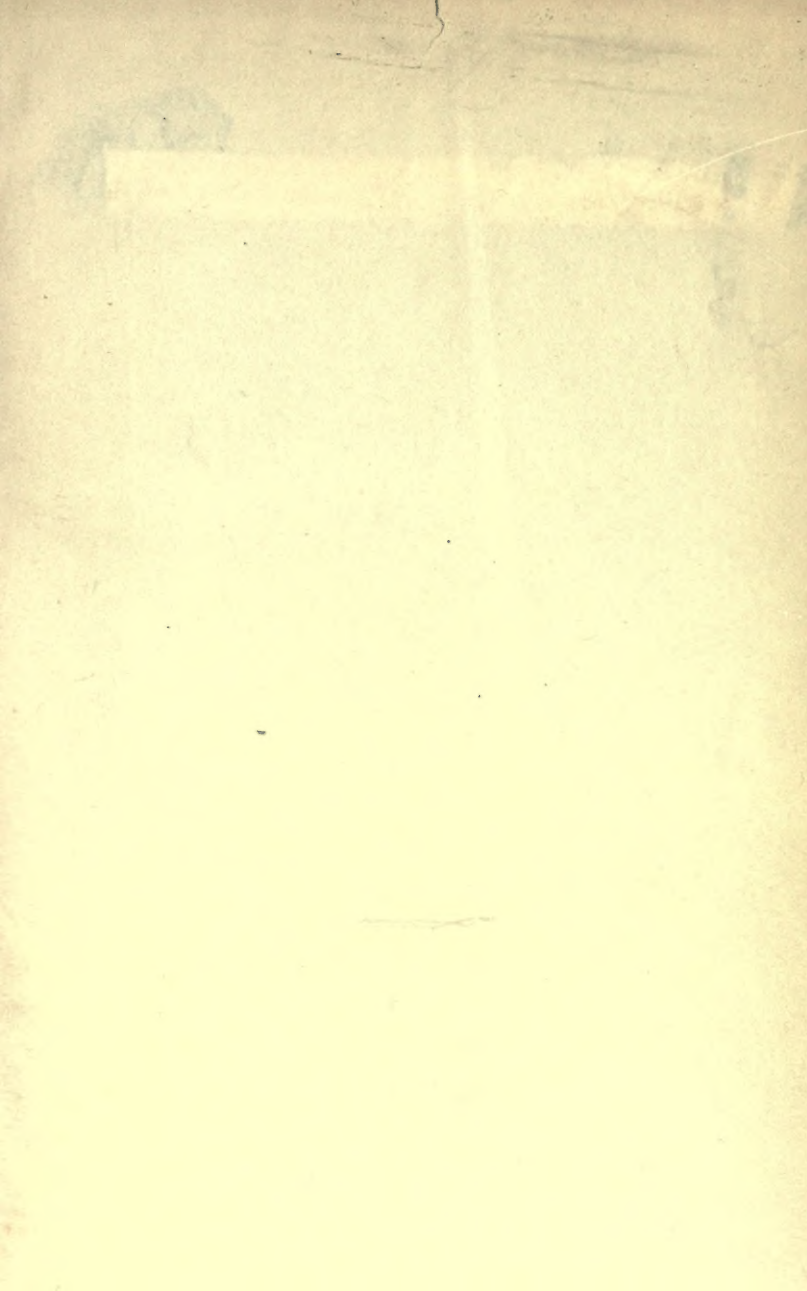
there was scarce any crime that might not be contemplated by those notions of the deity which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life we are subject to innumerable temptations, which if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz., "Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them."

THE END.

UCSB LIBRARY

X-16908



University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

QUARTER LOAN

OCT 14 1996

REC'D MUS-LIB

MAY 28 1996



A 000 492 239 9

